DEADPOOL
"It's hilarious, fun, great to look at — and, best of all, it's attention-grabbing."
— ComicVine.com
SHIELD
DEADPOOL VS. S.H.I.E.L.D.
POSEHN
DUGGAN
MARVEL NOW!
KOBLISH
HAWTHORNE

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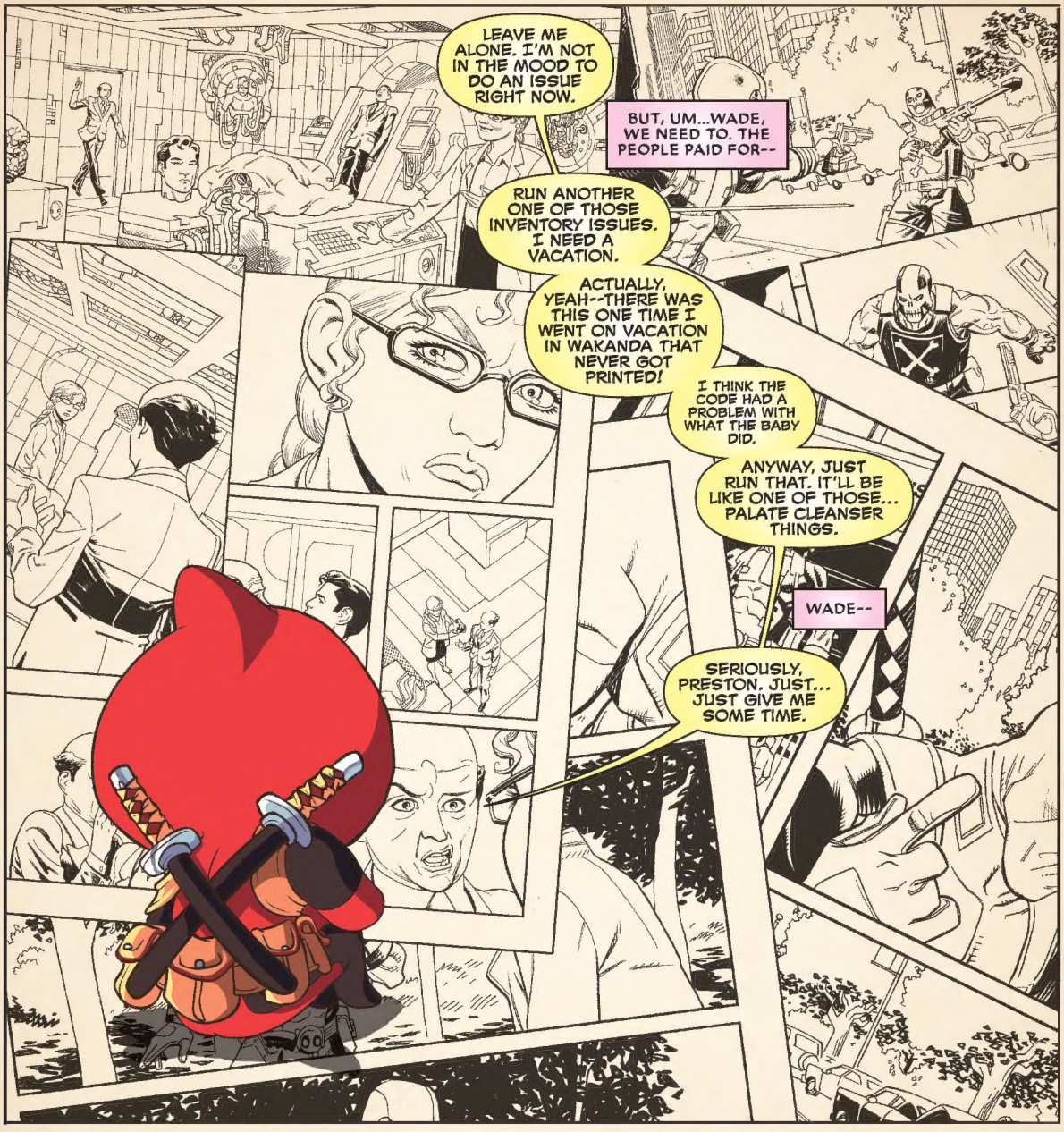
WAKANDAN VACATION!!!

Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Now, Wade makes his way as a gun for hire, shooting his prey's faces off while talking his friends' ears off. Call him the Merc with the Mouth…call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate…call him…

deadpool!


LEAVE ME ALONE. I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO DO AN ISSUE RIGHT NOW.
BUT, UM...WADE, WE NEED TO. THE PEOPLE PAID FOR--
RUN ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE INVENTORY ISSUES. I NEED A VACATION.
ACTUALLY, YEAH--THERE WAS THIS ONE TIME I WENT ON VACATION IN WAKANDA THAT NEVER GOT PRINTED!
I THINK THE CODE HAD A PROBLEM WITH WHAT THE BABY DID.
ANYWAY, JUST RUN THAT. IT'LL BE LIKE ONE OF THOSE... PALATE CLEANSER THINGS.
WADE--
SERIOUSLY, PRESTON. JUST... JUST GIVE ME SOME TIME.

WAKANDAN VACATiON!

A FLASH AND TWO MEN IN SUITS EMERGE FROM ANOTHER PLACE AND TIME INTO THE MARVELOUS SWINGIN' SIXTIES. WHO ARE THESE HIGH-TONED TIME-HOPPERS?
BZEERRRP
WHERE ARE WE HEADING TO NOW, PAL? WE ALMOST GOT OFFED BY DER FUHRER.
YEAH, AND WE GOT TO MEET HITLER.
CHAPTER ONE: OUT OF TIME

WAKANDA, AFRICA IN 1968! ULYSSES KLAW SAID THIS IS A GOOD PLACE FOR A VACATION! CABLE, MY FRIEND, LET'S SHAKE UP VIBRANIUM-TOWN!
PAL, I HAVE TO BREAK IT TO YOU. WE'RE QUITS, YOU AND I.

UH, WHAT?
LOOK, WE BARELY GOT OUT OF 1950'S LOS ANGELES IN TIME...
AND THAT'S MY FAULT?
IT'S *ALWAYS* YOUR FAULT. IT'S YOUR FAULT THAT RED RAVEN AND THE ANGEL ARE A COUPLE NOW. I AM OUTTA HERE.

GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE A RESERVATION, POOL, DEAD.
HE SAYS HE HAS A *RESERVATION!*

I'VE COME TO PLAY AROUND ON A *VIBRANIUM MOUND.* SINCE THERE IS NO MORE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, I ASSUME THAT IS OKAY?
WELCOME TO WAKANDA.

I AM N'GASSI.
THEN DON'T *EAT BEANS.*
YOU HAVE CHOSEN THE SILVER PACKAGE, SUITE 216. DINNER IS SERVED AT 6PM. THE POOL IS OUT BACK.

BUT... *WHERE ARE THE POUCHES?*

AH, NOTHING CAN GO WRONG ON MY *WAKANDAN VACATION!*
OH NO! HE *JINXED* HIS VACATION!
RUN!!!

WHOA NELLIE! WHO ARE **THESE** GUYS? THIS IS SOME KIND OF DONNYBROOK.

MY FACE!!!

BZZZTT

KRAK

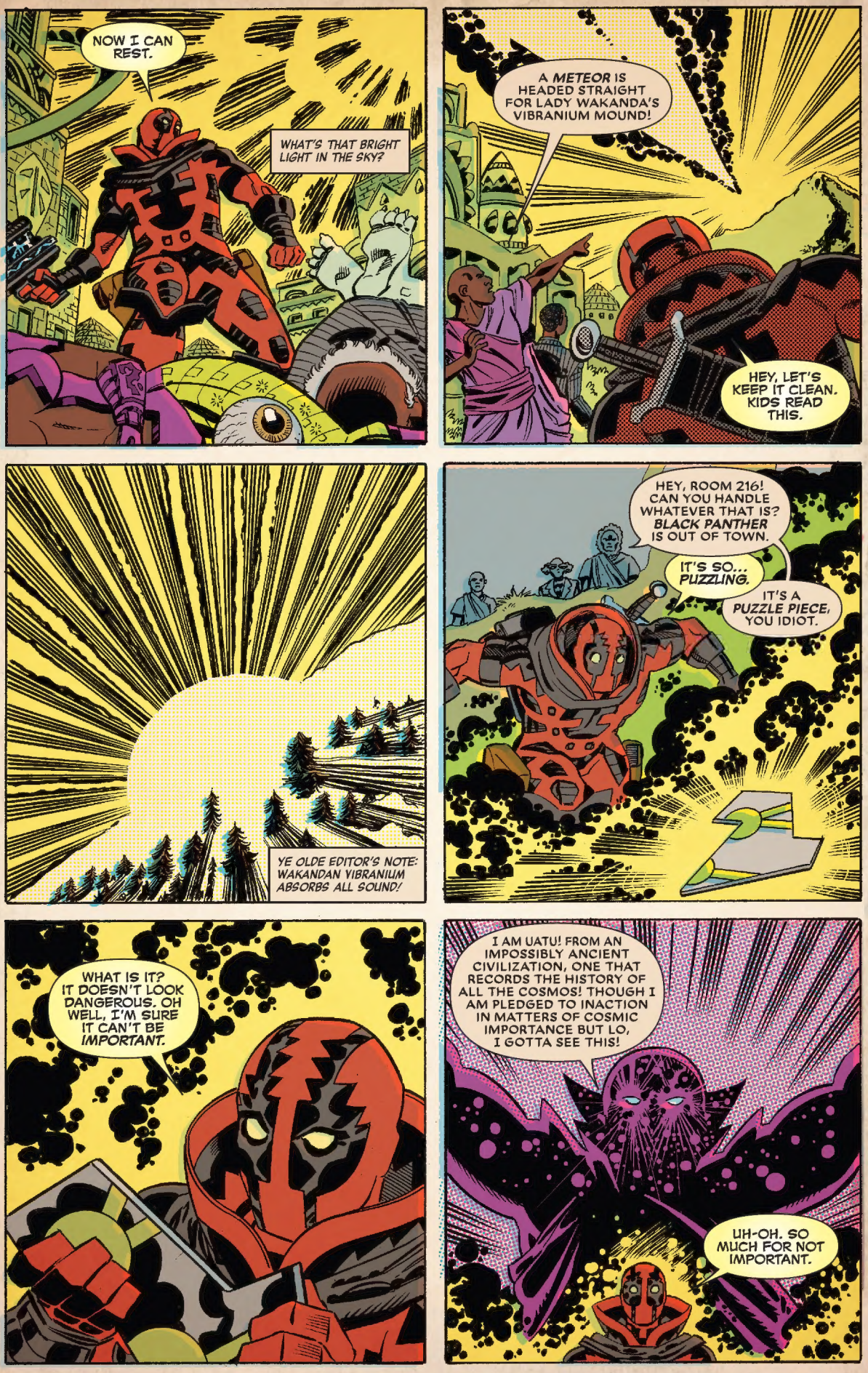
SPOK

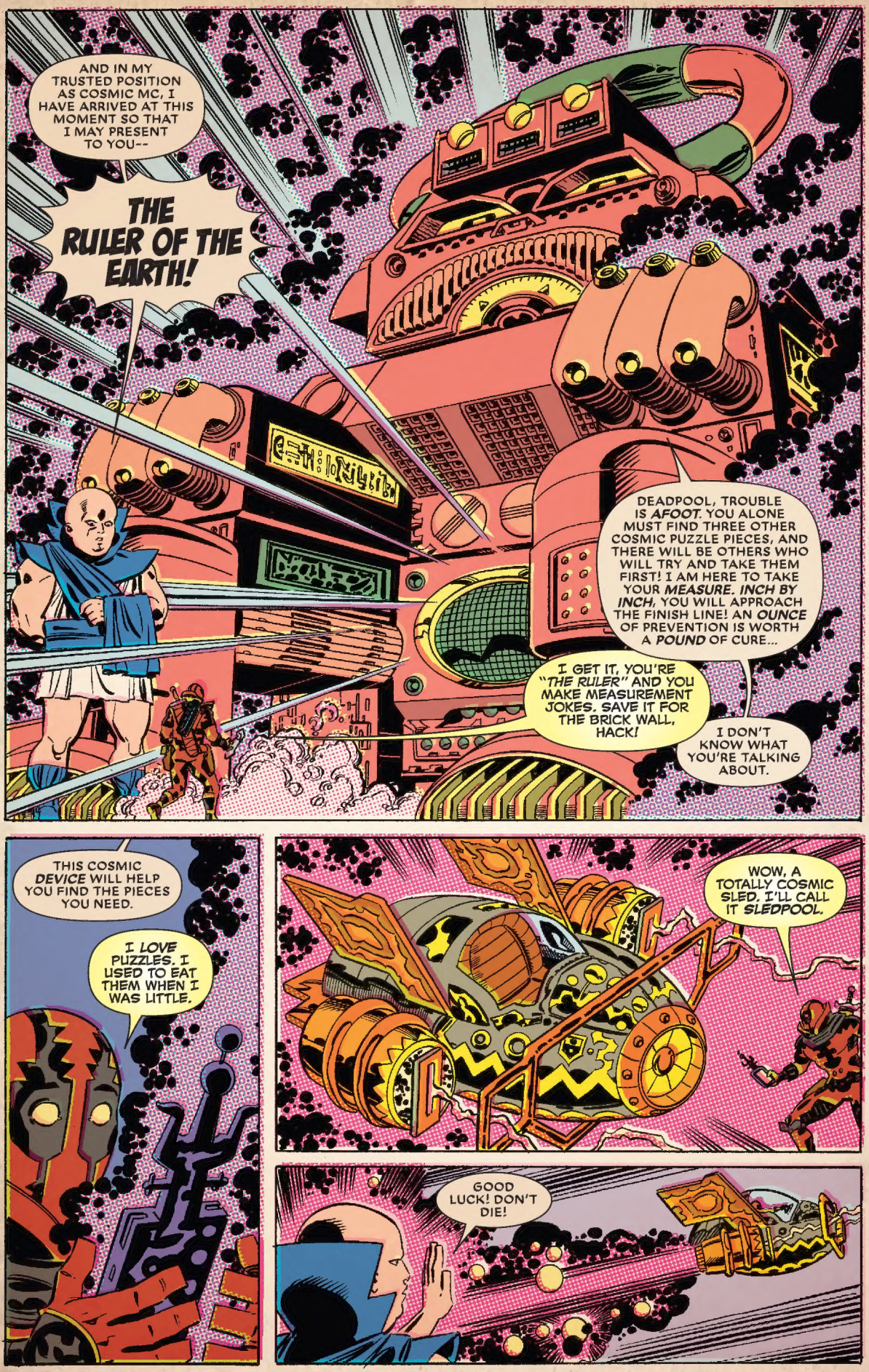
HEY YOU CREEPS, I MIGHT HAVE A KILLER *HEALING FACTOR*, BUT I DON'T HAVE *TRAVEL INSURANCE*.

THE BEST DEFENSE IS A GOOD OFFENSE.

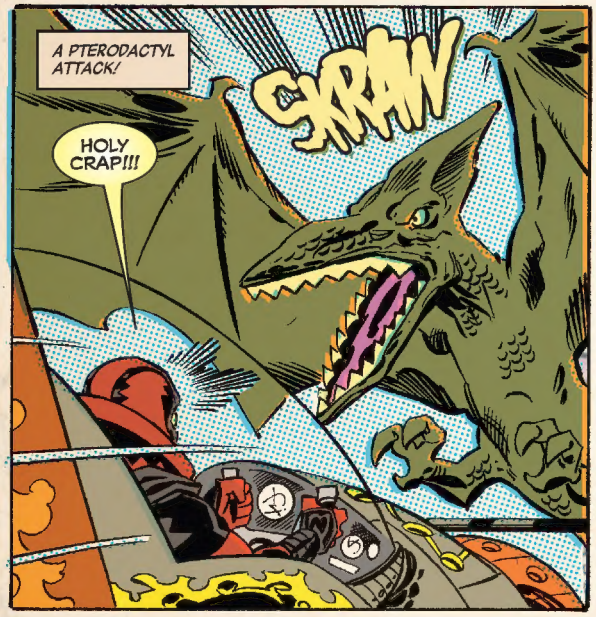
BZZZZTTTT

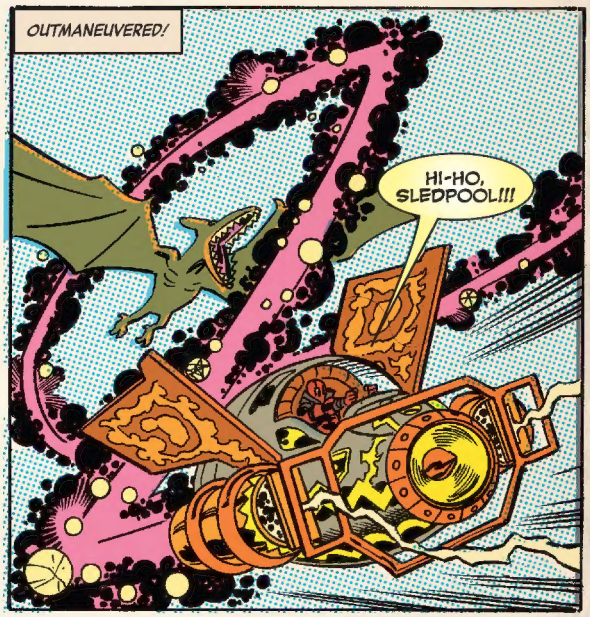
THE MERC KNOWN FOR THE SPICY MOUTH SERVED UP A PAINFUL DISH TO HIS MONSTROUS ENEMIES.


NOW I CAN REST.
WHAT'S THAT BRIGHT LIGHT IN THE SKY?
A METEOR IS HEADED STRAIGHT FOR LADY WAKANDA'S VIBRANIUM MOUND!
HEY, LET'S KEEP IT CLEAN. KIDS READ THIS.
YE OLDE EDITOR'S NOTE: WAKANDAN VIBRANIUM ABSORBS ALL SOUND!
HEY, ROOM 216! CAN YOU HANDLE WHATEVER THAT IS? BLACK PANTHER IS OUT OF TOWN.
IT'S SO... PUZZLING.
IT'S A PUZZLE PIECE, YOU IDIOT.
WHAT IS IT? IT DOESN'T LOOK DANGEROUS. OH WELL, I'M SURE IT CAN'T BE IMPORTANT.
I AM UATU! FROM AN IMPOSSIBLY ANCIENT CIVILIZATION, ONE THAT RECORDS THE HISTORY OF ALL THE COSMOS! THOUGH I AM PLEDGED TO INACTION IN MATTERS OF COSMIC IMPORTANCE BUT LO, I GOTTA SEE THIS!
UH-OH. SO MUCH FOR NOT IMPORTANT.

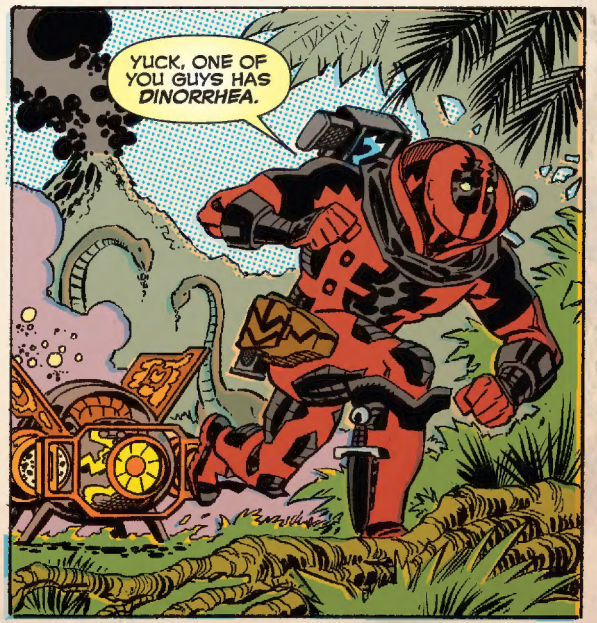

AND IN MY TRUSTED POSITION AS COSMIC MC, I HAVE ARRIVED AT THIS MOMENT SO THAT I MAY PRESENT TO YOU--
THE RULER OF THE EARTH!
DEADPOOL, TROUBLE IS *AFOOT*. YOU ALONE MUST FIND THREE OTHER COSMIC PUZZLE PIECES, AND THERE WILL BE OTHERS WHO WILL TRY AND TAKE THEM FIRST! I AM HERE TO TAKE YOUR *MEASURE*. *INCH BY INCH*, YOU WILL APPROACH THE FINISH LINE! AN *OUNCE* OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A *POUND* OF CURE...
I GET IT, YOU'RE "*THE RULER*" AND YOU MAKE MEASUREMENT JOKES. SAVE IT FOR THE BRICK WALL, HACK!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
THIS COSMIC *DEVICE* WILL HELP YOU FIND THE PIECES YOU NEED.
I *LOVE* PUZZLES. I USED TO EAT THEM WHEN I WAS LITTLE.
WOW, A TOTALLY COSMIC SLED. I'LL CALL IT *SLEDPOOL*.
GOOD LUCK! DON'T DIE!

GIVE 'EM HELL, DEVIL DINOSAUR!
CHAPTER TWO: INTO THE SAVAGE LAND!

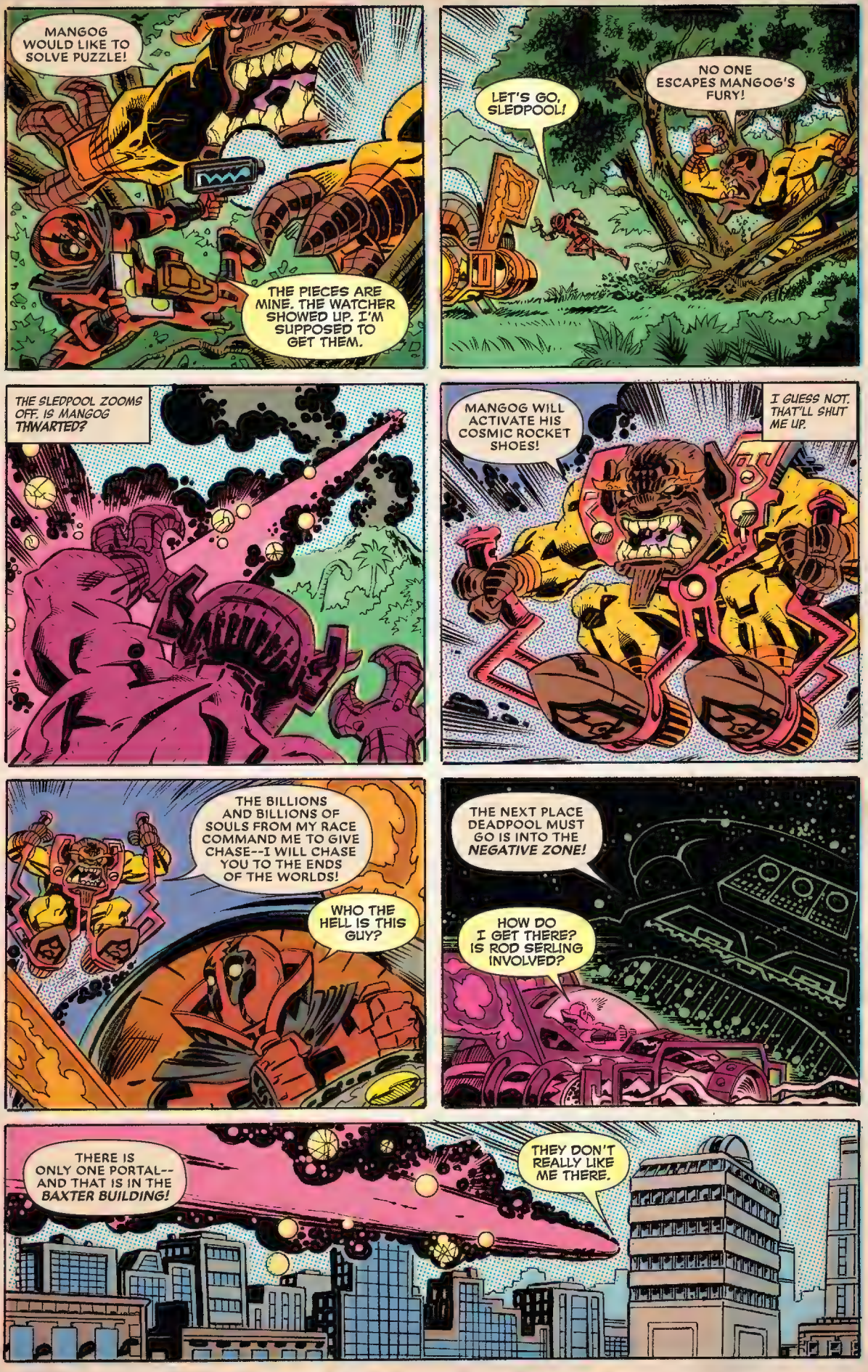

A PTERODACTYL ATTACK!
SKRAW
HOLY CRAP!!!

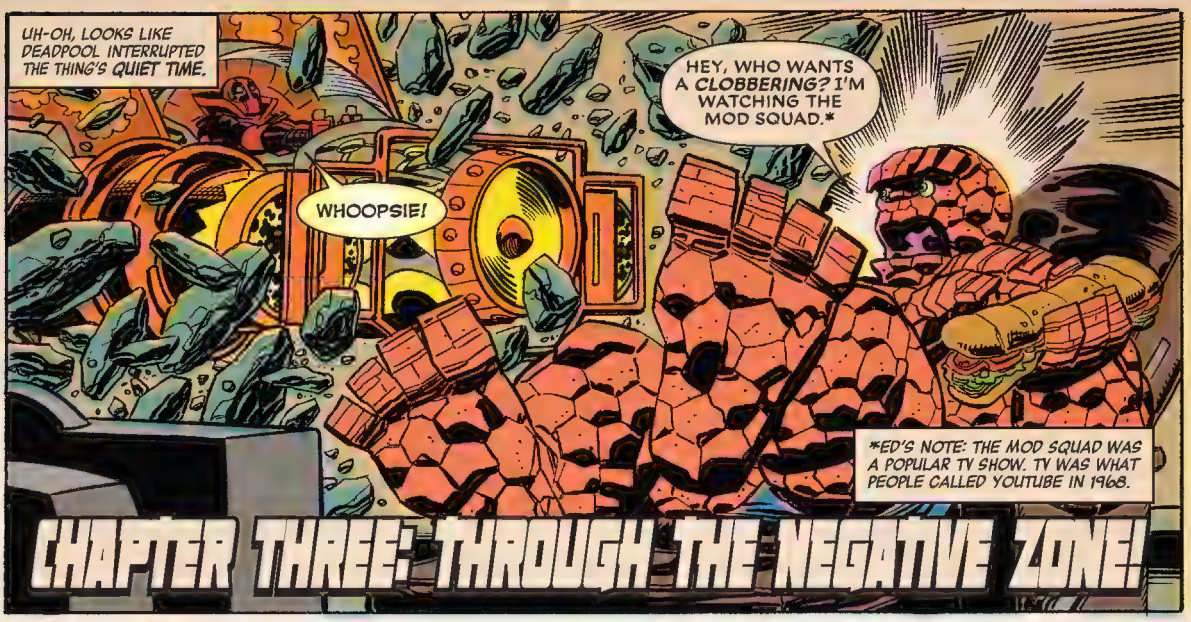

OUTMANEUVERED!
HI-HO, SLEDPOOL!!!

HMMMM, MY COSMIC THINGAMAJIG IS INDICATING THE NEXT PUZZLE PIECE IS DOWN THERE!


YUCK, ONE OF YOU GUYS HAS DINORRHEA.

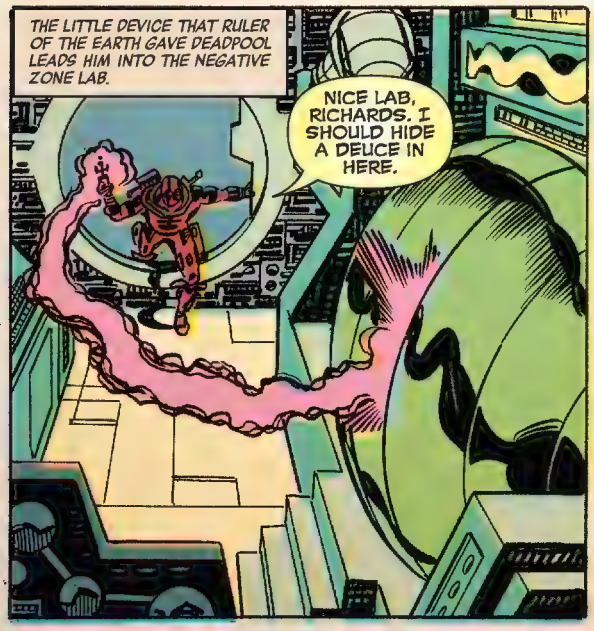
LOOK OUT, DEADPOOL, THE NEXT COSMIC PIECE IS SURROUNDED BY TEENAGE T-REX'S!
GRRRRRR!!!
HEY GUYS, TELL YOU WHAT: LET'S ARM WRESTLE FOR THAT PIECE.
DID HE MAKE FUN OF OUR TINY APPENDAGES?!
KNAVE!
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOU DUMMIES!
BZZZZTUTT
GRRR-ULP
BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST...CARL, I LOVE YOU.
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME BEFORE NOW?!
MANGOG!!! AND HE LOOKS PISSED. OR IS THAT HOW HE ALWAYS LOOKS?
MANGOG! WHAT DO YOU WANT? AND DON'T SAY "NAKED HUGS".
YOU MAY HAVE EASILY DESTROYED THOSE SMALL CREATURES, BUT I HAVE THE POWER OF A BILLION BILLION SOULS! GIVE ME THAT PIECE!

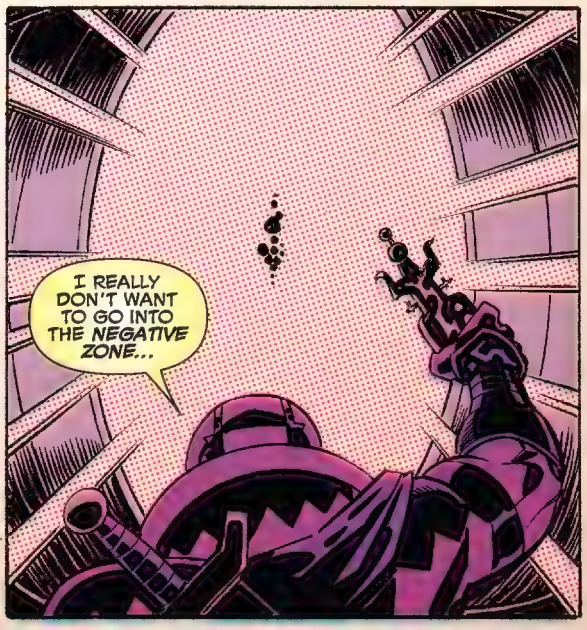

MANGOG WOULD LIKE TO SOLVE PUZZLE!
THE PIECES ARE MINE. THE WATCHER SHOWED UP. I'M SUPPOSED TO GET THEM.
LET'S GO, SLEDPOOL!
NO ONE ESCAPES MANGOG'S FURY!
THE SLEDPOOL ZOOMS OFF. IS MANGOG THWARTED?
MANGOG WILL ACTIVATE HIS COSMIC ROCKET SHOES!
I GUESS NOT. THAT'LL SHUT ME UP.
THE BILLIONS AND BILLIONS OF SOULS FROM MY RACE COMMAND ME TO GIVE CHASE--I WILL CHASE YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE WORLDS!
WHO THE HELL IS THIS GUY?
THE NEXT PLACE DEADPOOL MUST GO IS INTO THE NEGATIVE ZONE!
HOW DO I GET THERE? IS ROD SERLING INVOLVED?
THERE IS ONLY ONE PORTAL--AND THAT IS IN THE BAXTER BUILDING!
THEY DON'T REALLY LIKE ME THERE.


UH-OH, LOOKS LIKE DEADPOOL INTERRUPTED THE THING'S QUIET TIME.
WHOOPSIE!
HEY, WHO WANTS A CLOBBERING? I'M WATCHING THE MOD SQUAD.*
*ED'S NOTE: THE MOD SQUAD WAS A POPULAR TV SHOW. TV WAS WHAT PEOPLE CALLED YOUTUBE IN 1968.
CHAPTER THREE: THROUGH THE NEGATIVE ZONE!

AUNT PETUNIA'S SPICE RACK!!! YOU MADE ME DROP MY HOAGIE.
SORRY, BEN! I'M ON A MISSION TO MEASURE STUFF. LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!

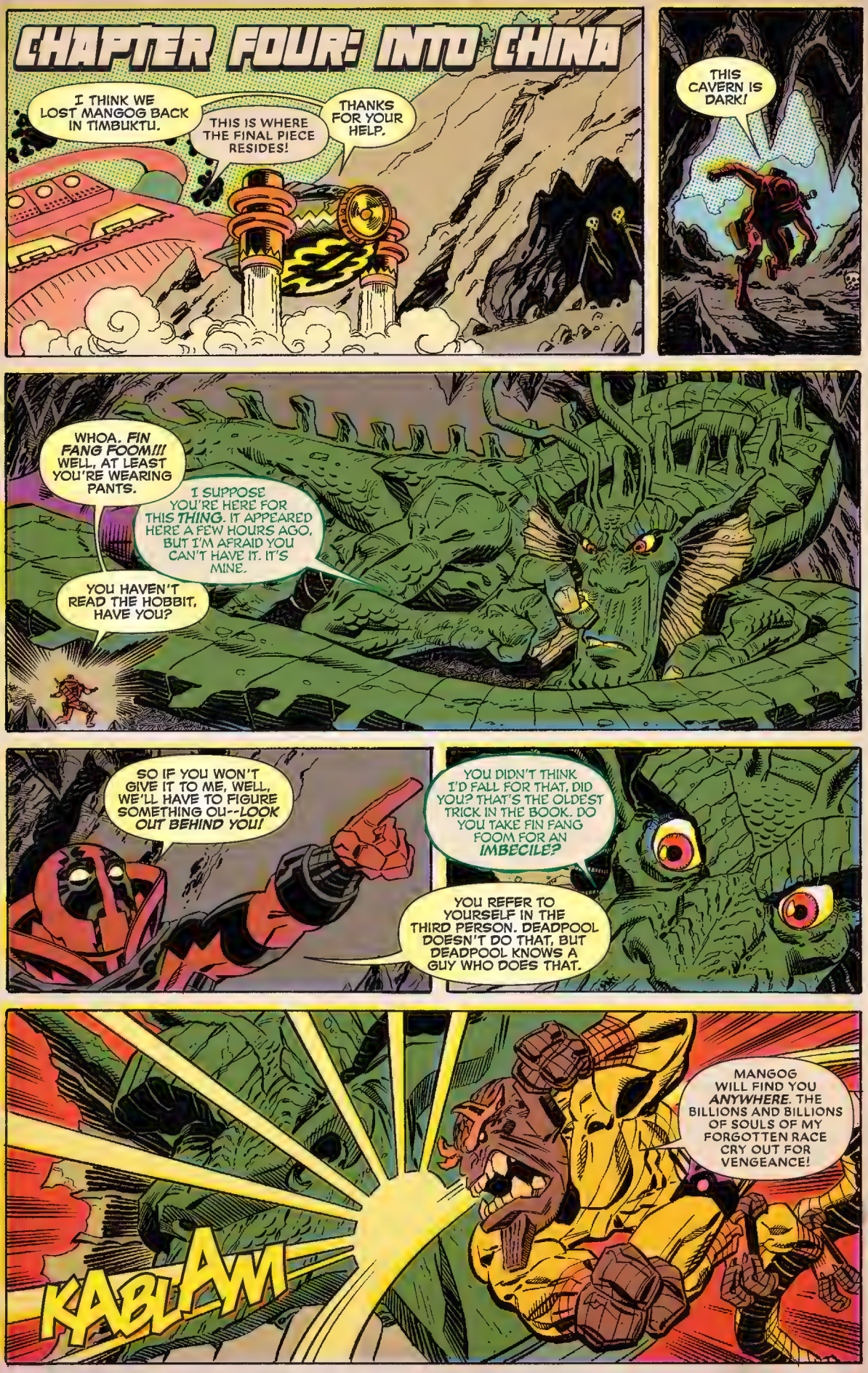
STEP ASIDE! MANGOG IS HERE TO DESTROY DEADPOOL AND PUNY ROCK MAN IN MY WAY. GODS HAVE FALLEN BEFORE MY MIGHTY FISTS.
WHAT A REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT!

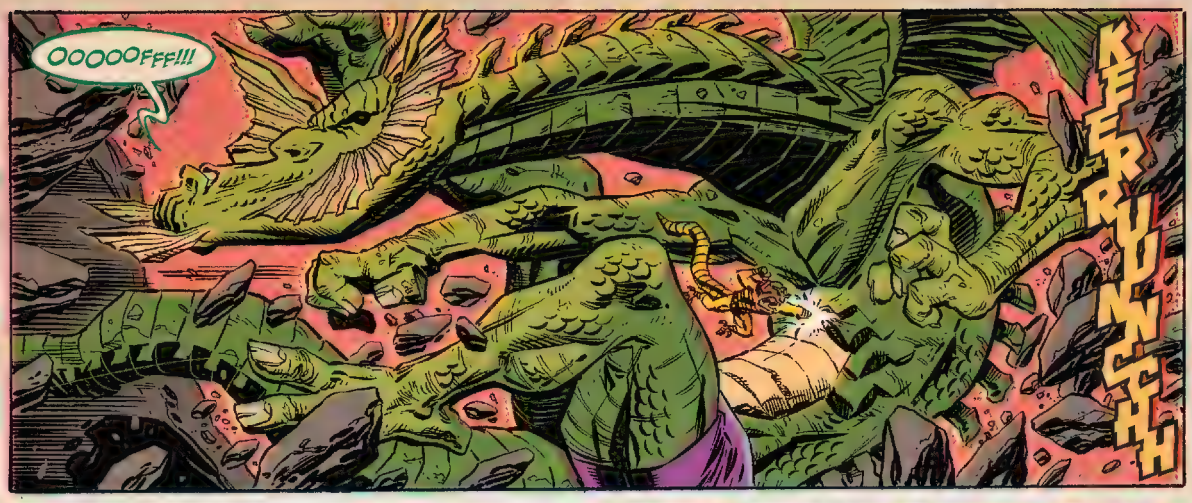

THE LITTLE DEVICE THAT RULER OF THE EARTH GAVE DEADPOOL LEADS HIM INTO THE NEGATIVE ZONE LAB.
NICE LAB, RICHARDS. I SHOULD HIDE A DEUCE IN HERE.

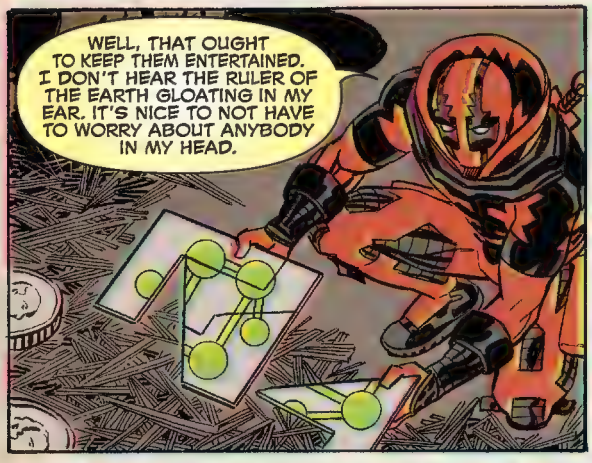

I REALLY DON'T WANT TO GO INTO THE NEGATIVE ZONE...

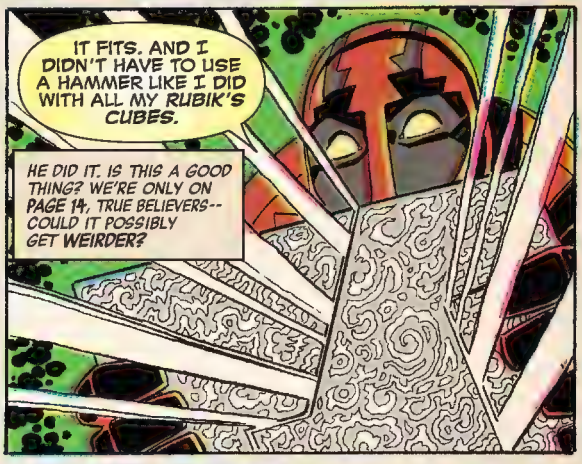
DEADPOOL ENTERS THE DISTORTION ZONE!
...I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT IT.
I GUESS I SHOULDN'T HAVE EATEN THAT BROWNIE THAT SAID "DON'T EAT."
DEADPOOL ENTERS THE COSMIC COLLAGE! I MEAN--THE NEGATIVE ZONE!
HEY, YOU WEIRDOS, I'M SENSING SOME NEGATIVITY.*
*THESE CREATURES WERE FIRST INTRODUCED IN FF #56!
TAKE THAT, NEGATIVE CREEP!!!
SLICE
GET THEM, DEADPOOL!
KRAK

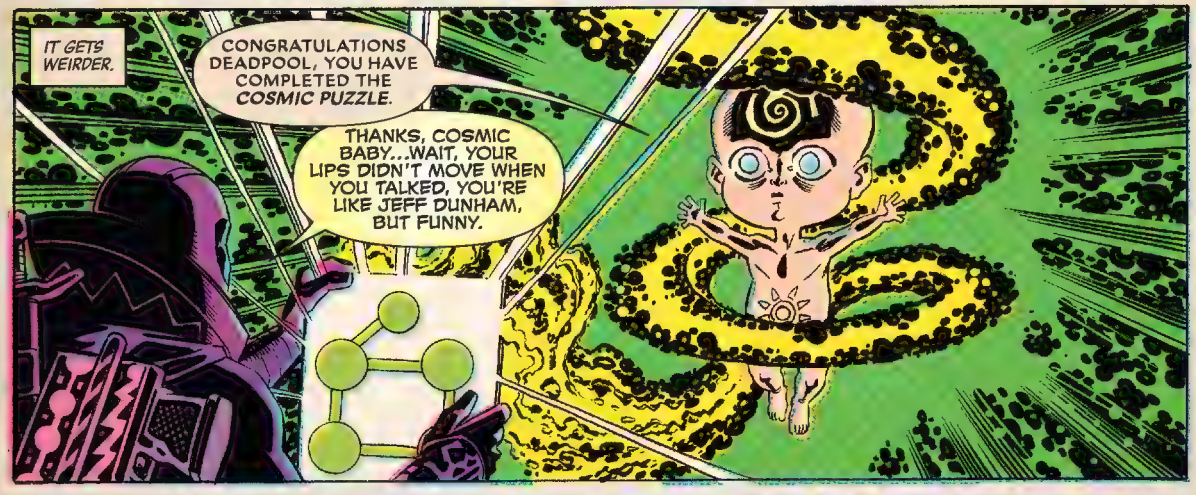
ANOTHER PIECE. VERY NICE.
THANKS, RULER, I'M GLAD I'M MEASURING UP TO YOUR EXPECTATIONS. YOU RULE!
I DON'T GET IT.
DEADPOOL RETURNS TO EARTH!
I'M BACK!!!
HEY BEN, WHAT DID I MISS?
WHEN I FINISH WITH THIS MONSTER, YOU'RE NEXT!
WHY YOU! MANGOG IS NO MONSTER!
AWAY WITH YOU, YOU TAX THE PATIENCE OF BILLIONS AND BILLIONS OF BEINGS!
NEVER MIND, I GOTTA GO! FUN TEAMING UP WITH YOU!
OOOF! I BEEN CLOBBERED!
EAT MY COSMIC DUST, MANGOG!
WHAT THE HECK WAS ALL THAT ABOUT? I FEEL LIKE I WAS SUCKERED INTO A TWO-IN-ONE!


CHAPTER FOUR: INTO CHINA
I THINK WE LOST MANGOG BACK IN TIMBUKTU.
THIS IS WHERE THE FINAL PIECE RESIDES!
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.
THIS CAVERN IS DARK!
WHOA. FIN FANG FOOM!!! WELL, AT LEAST YOU'RE WEARING PANTS.
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR THIS THING. IT APPEARED HERE A FEW HOURS AGO, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T HAVE IT. IT'S MINE.
YOU HAVEN'T READ THE HOBBIT, HAVE YOU?
SO IF YOU WON'T GIVE IT TO ME, WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO FIGURE SOMETHING OU--LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!
YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D FALL FOR THAT, DID YOU? THAT'S THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK. DO YOU TAKE FIN FANG FOOM FOR AN IMBECILE?
YOU REFER TO YOURSELF IN THE THIRD PERSON. DEADPOOL DOESN'T DO THAT, BUT DEADPOOL KNOWS A GUY WHO DOES THAT.
KABLAM
MANGOG WILL FIND YOU ANYWHERE. THE BILLIONS AND BILLIONS OF SOULS OF MY FORGOTTEN RACE CRY OUT FOR VENGEANCE!

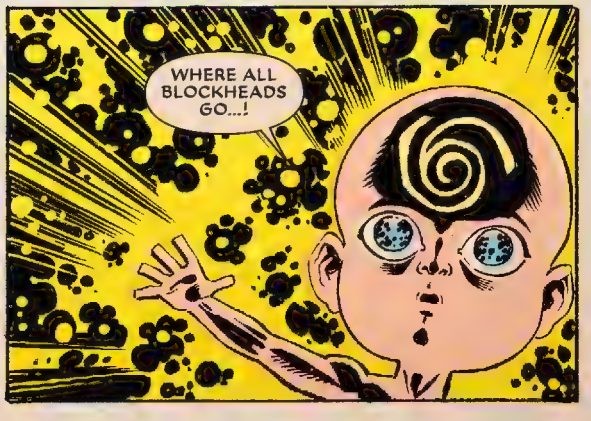

OOOOOFFF!!!
KERRUNCHH


WELL, THAT OUGHT TO KEEP THEM ENTERTAINED. I DON'T HEAR THE RULER OF THE EARTH GLOATING IN MY EAR. IT'S NICE TO NOT HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANYBODY IN MY HEAD.


IT FITS. AND I DIDN'T HAVE TO USE A HAMMER LIKE I DID WITH ALL MY RUBIK'S CUBES.
HE DID IT. IS THIS A GOOD THING? WE'RE ONLY ON PAGE 14, TRUE BELIEVERS-- COULD IT POSSIBLY GET WEIRDER?


IT GETS WEIRDER.
CONGRATULATIONS DEADPOOL, YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE COSMIC PUZZLE.
THANKS, COSMIC BABY...WAIT, YOUR LIPS DIDN'T MOVE WHEN YOU TALKED, YOU'RE LIKE JEFF DUNHAM, BUT FUNNY.

IT'S TIME FOR MY OLD-SCHOOL CLOSE-UP ON MY EYES AS I SAY SOMETHING OF IMPORTANCE, HEIGHTENING THE DRAMA, AS I ASK YOU--WHAT'S NEXT, COSMIC BABY? WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?


WHERE ALL BLOCKHEADS GO...!

CHAPTER FIVE: TO EASTER ISLAND!

EASTER ISLAND. NOW THAT DOESN'T MAKE A LICK OF SENSE. SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS COMIC? HAVE *YOU* FIGURED OUT WHO DID IT YET?

RUMBLE

ROAR!!!

ALL BOW TO FIN FANG FOOM!!!

NO, BOW TO MANGOG!!!

WHO SHOULD I BOW TO, COSMIC BABY?

WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T PUSH THAT RED BUTTON.

OKAY, HERE GOES NOTHING.

FOOM AND MANGOG DIVE OUT OF THE WAY! DEADPOOL JUST MISSED THEM.

KATHOOM

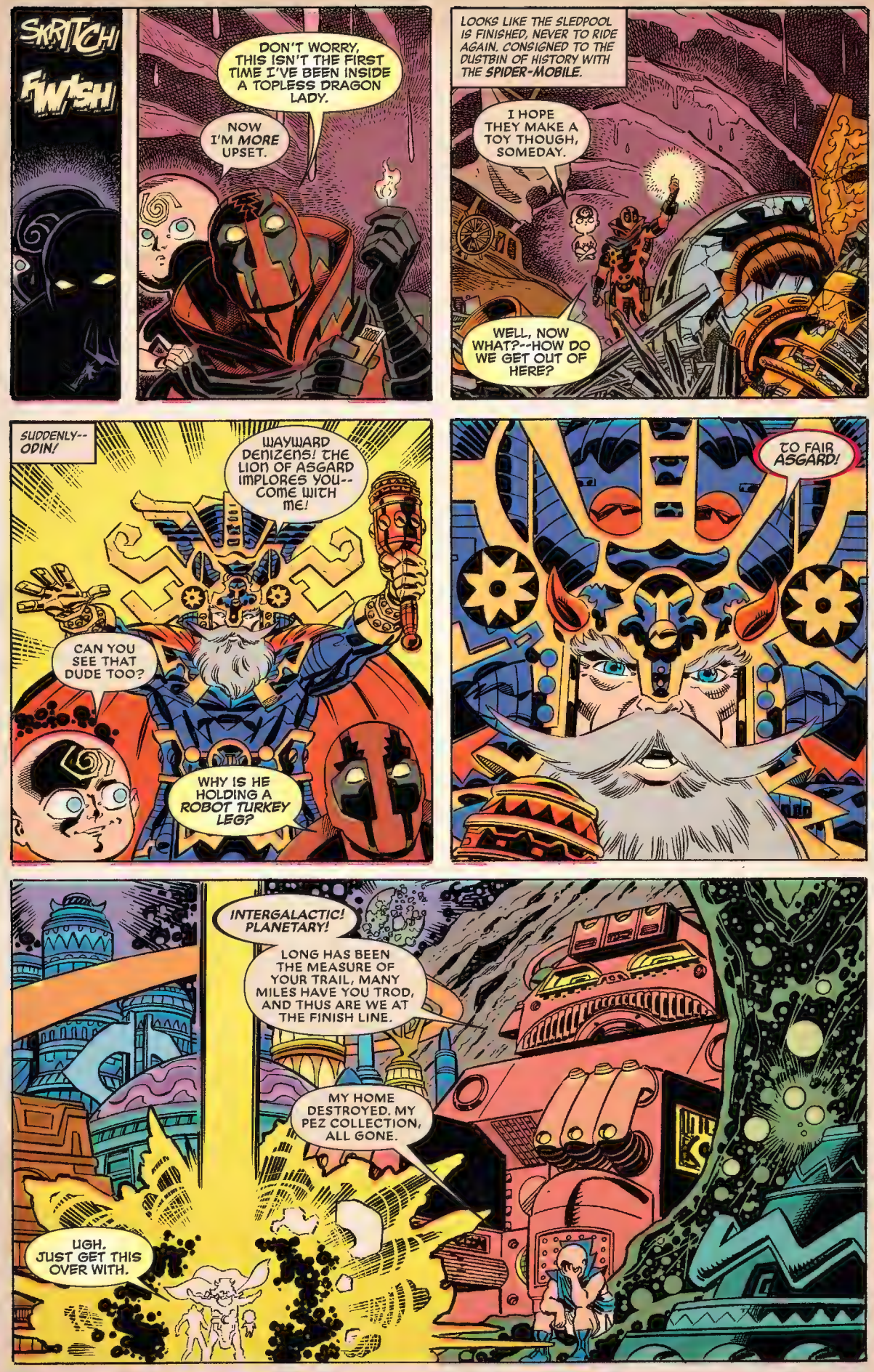
SLEDPOOL BELCHES A POWERFUL BEAM!

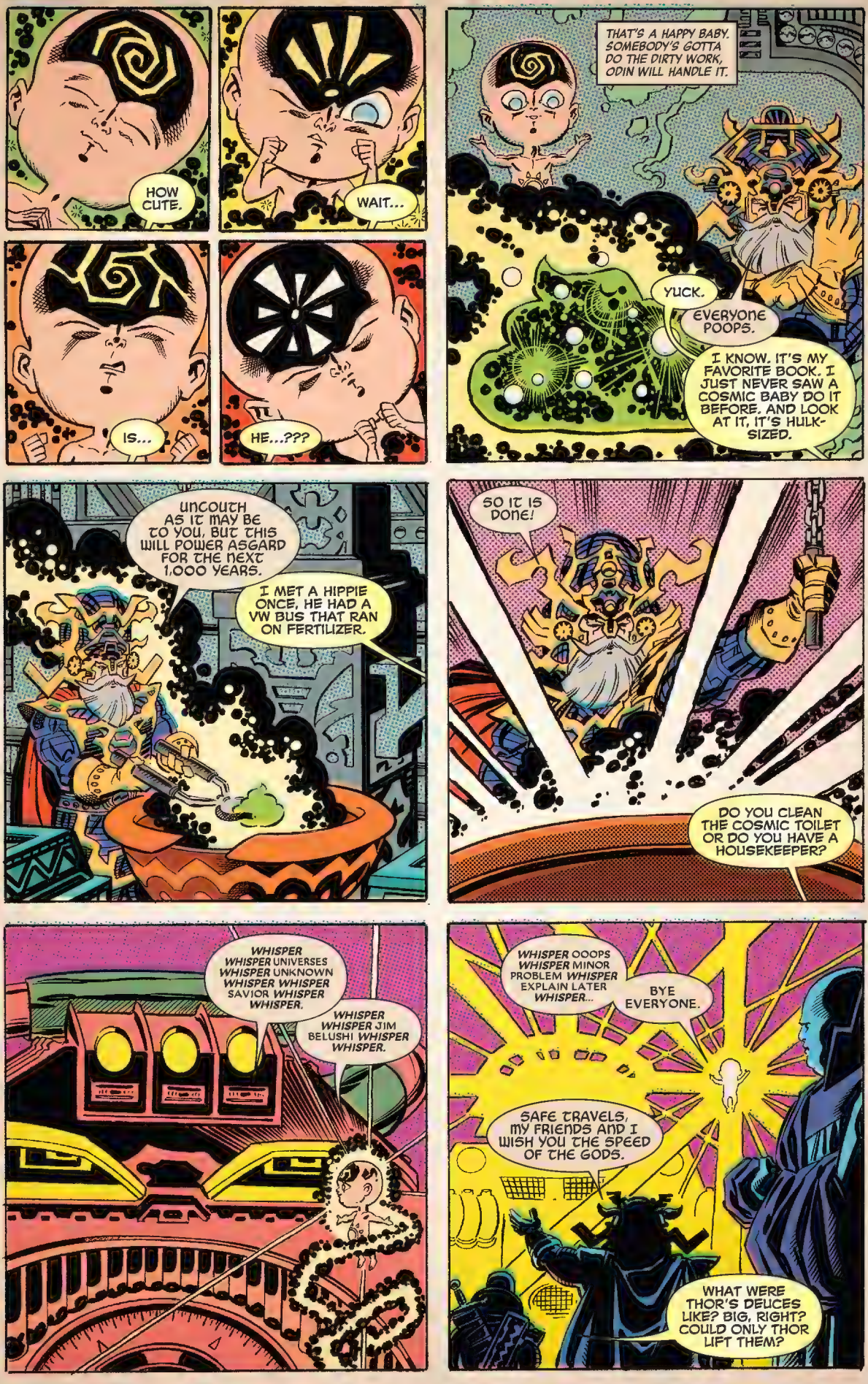
*THE MOON IS **DESTROYED!** WE DON'T NEED MOONS, RIGHT? I GUESS WE'LL NEVER GET THE CHANCE TO PRETEND TO LAND THERE SOMEDAY...*

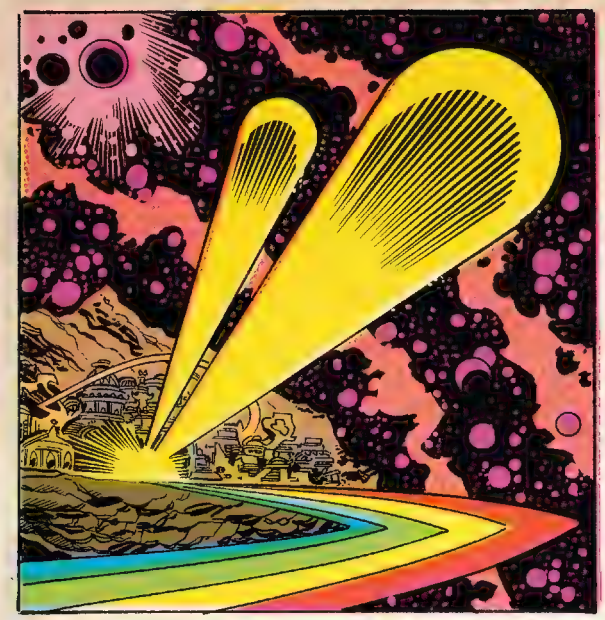
MY HOUSE!

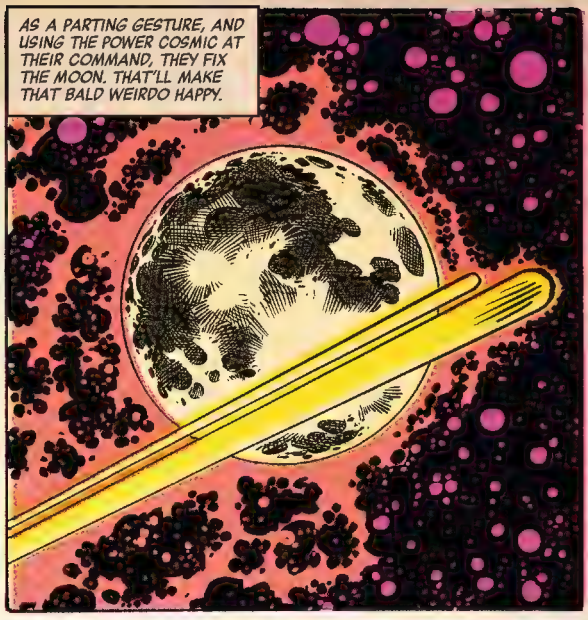
I HAVE GOT TO GET MORE INVOLVED!

"HEY DRAGON, DOWN THE HATCH!!!"
TINY IRRITANTS, FIN FANG FOOM WILL DESTROY YOU WITH GREA.... GULP!!!
CHAPTER SIX: DOWN THE HATCH


SKRTCH
FWISH
DON'T WORRY, THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN INSIDE A TOPLESS DRAGON LADY.
NOW I'M MORE UPSET.
LOOKS LIKE THE SLEDPOOL IS FINISHED. NEVER TO RIDE AGAIN. CONSIGNED TO THE DUSTBIN OF HISTORY WITH THE SPIDER-MOBILE.
I HOPE THEY MAKE A TOY THOUGH, SOMEDAY.
WELL, NOW WHAT?--HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE?
SUDDENLY-- ODIN!
WAYWARD DENIZENS! THE LION OF ASGARD IMPLORES YOU-- COME WITH ME!
CAN YOU SEE THAT DUDE TOO?
WHY IS HE HOLDING A ROBOT TURKEY LEG?
TO FAIR ASGARD!
INTERGALACTIC! PLANETARY!
LONG HAS BEEN THE MEASURE OF YOUR TRAIL, MANY MILES HAVE YOU TROD, AND THUS ARE WE AT THE FINISH LINE.
MY HOME DESTROYED. MY PEZ COLLECTION, ALL GONE.
UGH. JUST GET THIS OVER WITH.

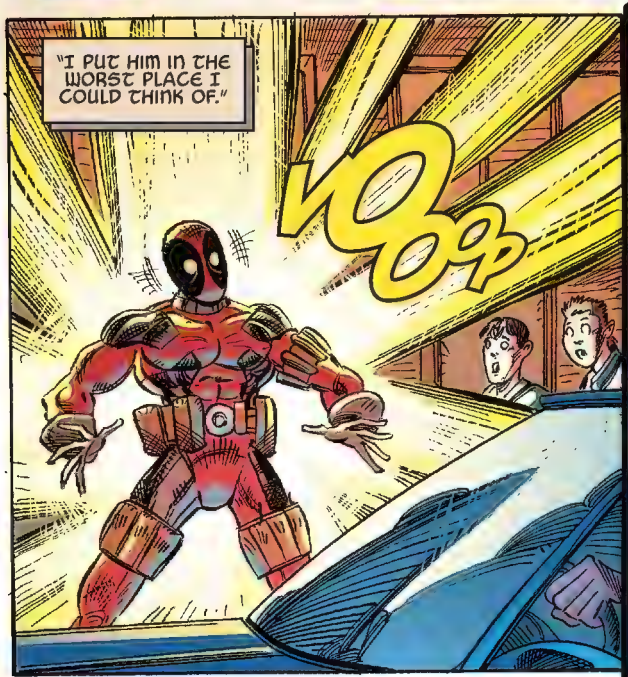

HOW CUTE.
WAIT...
IS...
HE...???
THAT'S A HAPPY BABY. SOMEBODY'S GOTTA DO THE DIRTY WORK, ODIN WILL HANDLE IT.
YUCK.
EVERYONE POOPS.
I KNOW. IT'S MY FAVORITE BOOK. I JUST NEVER SAW A COSMIC BABY DO IT BEFORE. AND LOOK AT IT, IT'S HULK-SIZED.
UNCOUTH AS IT MAY BE TO YOU, BUT THIS WILL POWER ASGARD FOR THE NEXT 1,000 YEARS.
I MET A HIPPIE ONCE, HE HAD A VW BUS THAT RAN ON FERTILIZER.
SO IT IS DONE!
DO YOU CLEAN THE COSMIC TOILET OR DO YOU HAVE A HOUSEKEEPER?
WHISPER WHISPER UNIVERSES WHISPER UNKNOWN WHISPER WHISPER SAVIOR WHISPER WHISPER.
WHISPER WHISPER JIM BELUSHI WHISPER WHISPER.
WHISPER OOOPS WHISPER MINOR PROBLEM WHISPER EXPLAIN LATER WHISPER...
BYE EVERYONE.
SAFE TRAVELS, MY FRIENDS AND I WISH YOU THE SPEED OF THE GODS.
WHAT WERE THOR'S DEUCES LIKE? BIG, RIGHT? COULD ONLY THOR LIFT THEM?




AS A PARTING GESTURE, AND USING THE POWER COSMIC AT THEIR COMMAND, THEY FIX THE MOON. THAT'LL MAKE THAT BALD WEIRDO HAPPY.

YOU HAVE SEEN AND DONE MUCH, YOUNG DEADPOOL, BUT IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO LEAVE THE HALLOWED HALLS OF FAIR GOLDEN ASGARD.
ZZARK!

I'D GIVE MY RIGHT EYE NEVER TO SEE THAT DEADPOOL KID AGAIN.
WHERE DID YOU SEND HIM?


"I PUT HIM IN THE WORST PLACE I COULD THINK OF."
VOOP

WHOA.
I'M IN THE 90'S.
YIKES, THE '90S? AFTER THIS CRAZY ADVENTURE, I GOTTA TAKE A NAP. I WONDER IF THEY STILL HAVE CAPTION BOXES IN THE '90S. WILL PEOPLE STILL READ COMICS THEN? OR WILL PORNOGRAPHY FINALLY TAKE OVER? I HOPE IT'S PORNOGRAPHY. GO PORNOGRAPHY!!!

DEADPOOL VS. S.H.I.E.L.D. PART ONE

Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Now, Wade makes his way as a gun for hire, shooting his prey's faces off while talking his friends' ears off. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

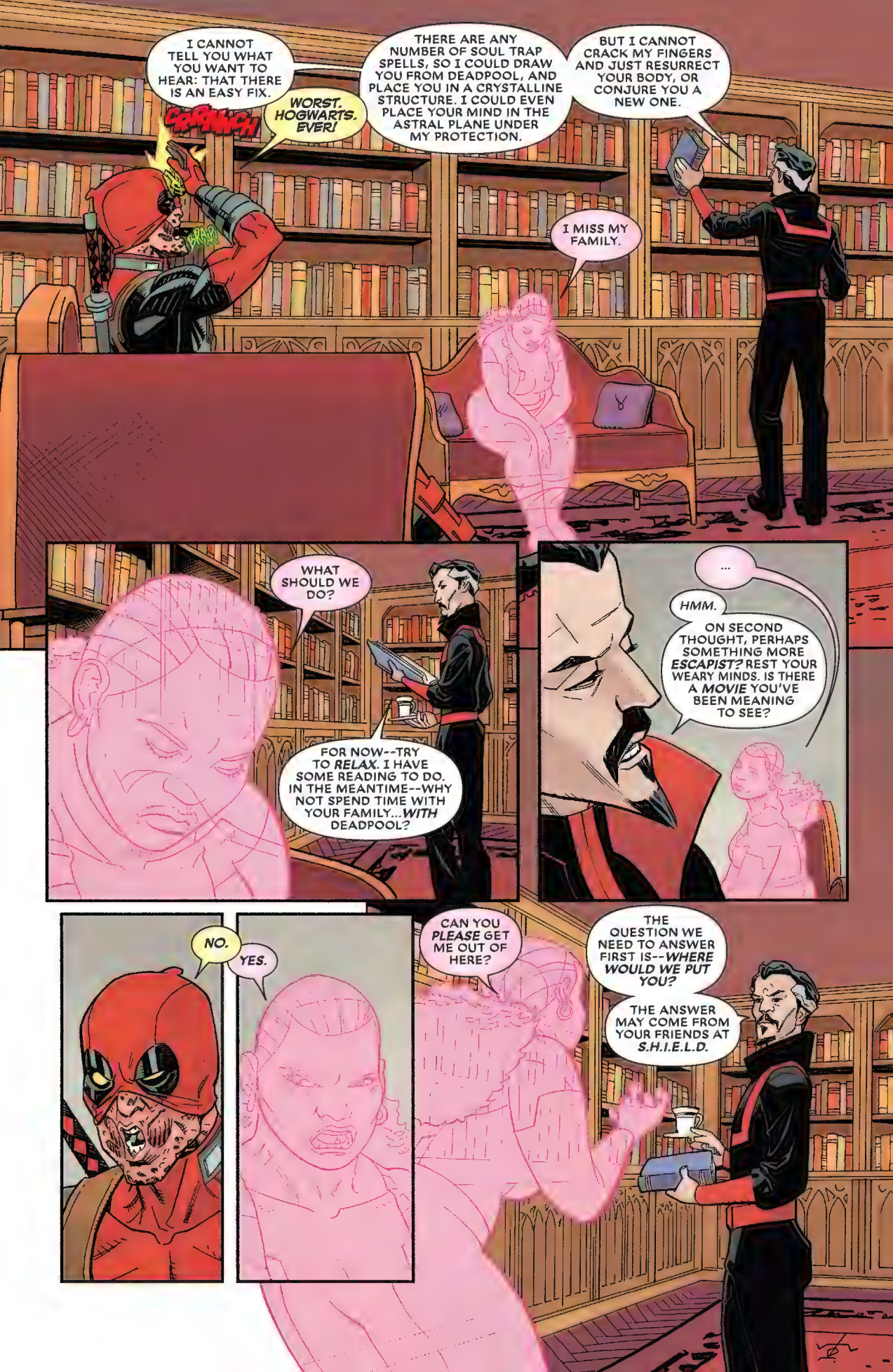
DEADPOOL

HEY, EVERYONE! *DEADPOOL*, HERE-- THE *MERC* WITH THE *MOUTH*.
I'M FEELING A LITTLE BETTER AFTER TAKING A LITTLE BREAK LAST ISSUE. CUT ME SOME SLACK--IT'S NOT EVERY DAY A GUY FINDS OUT HIS *BABY MAMA* AND MAYBE *BABY* ARE DEAD.
WADE, WE CAN STILL TRY TO--
ANYWAY, BACK TO THE PLOT! THAT LITTLE PINK VOICE BELONGS TO *S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT PRESTON!*
SHE'S BEEN STUCK IN MY HEAD SINCE HER BODY GOT KILLED, BUT I AM DETERMINED TO GET HER OUT!
AND I CAN'T *WAIT*. BUT ELEANOR COULD--
THIS IS *AGENT ADSIT*. HE WAS HER...LACKEY? ASSISTANT?
HE'S MY--
DOESN'T MATTER. HE'S WORKING TO HELP GET PRESTON A BODY AGAIN.
BUT THIS PILE OF DUNG... THIS IS *AGENT GORMAN*.
HE'S THE DUMBASS WHO DECIDED THAT S.H.I.E.L.D. WASN'T GOING TO PAY ME WHAT IT OWED ME FOR KILLING ALL THOSE PRESIDENTS.
YOU KNOW, BACK IN THE FIRST SIX ISSUES?
YEAH, HE HAS NO IDEA THE HELL HE'S CALLED DOWN ON HIMSELF. HE'S THE REASON THIS ARC IS CALLED...

LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

I GUESS THIS IS A GOOD SIGN THAT YOU'RE MAKING NEW MEMORIES?
I'VE HAD SUCH WEIRD AND VIVID DREAMS, TOO.
FORTUNATELY, THAT'S IN A PART OF YOUR MIND THAT I DON'T VISIT.
DEADPOOL.
I GLEANED THAT YOUR MIND WAS BEING *COMPROMISED* SOME MONTHS BACK, BUT I DID NOT KNOW THE *EXTENT* OF THE MANIPULATION UNTIL NOW.
I'VE FINISHED MY EXPLORATION. UNFORTUNATELY, THE DRUGS AND SURGERIES HAVE TAKEN A HEAVY TOLL ON YOUR MIND.
SO I HAVE THE BRAIN OF A PHISH FOLLOWER?
YOUR *BRAIN* ALWAYS BOUNCED BACK...HOWEVER, THE INFORMATION *INSIDE* YOUR BRAIN IS A SEPARATE MATTER.
BUT, IT MAY BE A BLESSING THAT YOU CANNOT RECALL YOUR EXPERIENCES UNDER BUTLER'S INFLUENCE.
WHAT ABOUT *MY* HEAD, DOCTOR STRANGE?
LET'S RETURN TO MY STUDY FOR THAT CONVERSATION. I'M SURE DEADPOOL WOULD LIKE TO BE ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS.
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR JOKES TODAY, SKIP 'EM.

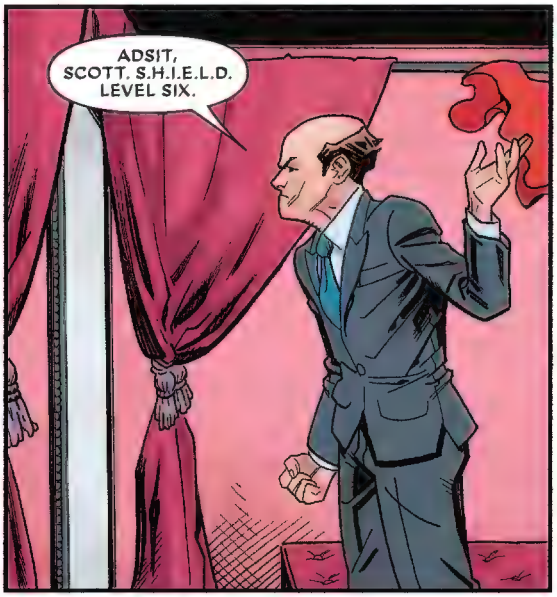
I WAS NOT MAKING ONE. YOU ARE RIGHT TO BE ANGRY ABOUT HOW YOU'VE BEEN TREATED. YOU ARE A HUMAN BEING, WITH RIGHTS AND DIGNITY. STEVE TOLD ME ABOUT NORTH KOREA. YOU MORE THAN ACQUITTED YOURSELF UNDER EXTREME DURESS.
WHAT ABOUT ME, DOC?
AGENT PRESTON, FINDING YOUR MIND AND SPIRIT ALIVE AND WELL INSIDE DEADPOOL WAS A *GREAT SURPRISE*.
ONCE AGAIN, THE *PORTLY WIZARD, MICHAEL,* HAS RISKED MUCH USING FORCES I SUSPECT HE DOESN'T FULLY UNDERSTAND.
WHERE IS HE?
AS ROUGH AS I HAD IT RECENTLY, HE'S PROBABLY HAD IT JUST AS BAD.
AFTER HE WENT THROUGH HELL HE LEFT FOR A VACATION.
A PITY. YOU TWO COULD HAVE KEPT AN EYE ON HIM FOR ME.
AM I *STUCK* IN DEADPOOL?
YOU ARE BETWEEN WORLDS, EMILY. I CAN OFFER YOU CERTAIN... ENCHANTMENTS THAT WOULD ALLOW YOU A SPIRIT FORM, A VOICE IN THE PHYSICAL WORLD, BUT THOSE ARE SIMPLY STOPGAP MEASURES.
GLUG
I NOTICE YOU'RE NOT ANSWERING MY QUESTION.
THERE ARE MULTIPLE ANSWERS TO YOUR PROBLEM WITHIN THE MYSTIC ARTS, BUT WE MUST WEIGH THE COSTS OF EACH POSSIBLE SOLUTION.


I CANNOT TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR: THAT THERE IS AN EASY FIX.
CRUNCH
WORST. HOGWARTS. EVER!
THERE ARE ANY NUMBER OF SOUL TRAP SPELLS, SO I COULD DRAW YOU FROM DEADPOOL, AND PLACE YOU IN A CRYSTALLINE STRUCTURE. I COULD EVEN PLACE YOUR MIND IN THE ASTRAL PLANE UNDER MY PROTECTION.
BUT I CANNOT CRACK MY FINGERS AND JUST RESURRECT YOUR BODY, OR CONJURE YOU A NEW ONE.
I MISS MY FAMILY.
WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
FOR NOW--TRY TO *RELAX*. I HAVE SOME READING TO DO. IN THE MEANTIME--WHY NOT SPEND TIME WITH YOUR FAMILY...*WITH* DEADPOOL?
...
HMM.
ON SECOND THOUGHT, PERHAPS SOMETHING MORE *ESCAPIST?* REST YOUR WEARY MINDS. IS THERE A *MOVIE* YOU'VE BEEN MEANING TO SEE?
NO.
YES.
CAN YOU *PLEASE* GET ME OUT OF HERE?
THE QUESTION WE NEED TO ANSWER FIRST IS--*WHERE WOULD WE PUT YOU?*
THE ANSWER MAY COME FROM YOUR FRIENDS AT *S.H.I.E.L.D.*

MEANWHILE,
AT GILL'S THRILLS LINGERIE...
THIS IS SO DUMB.

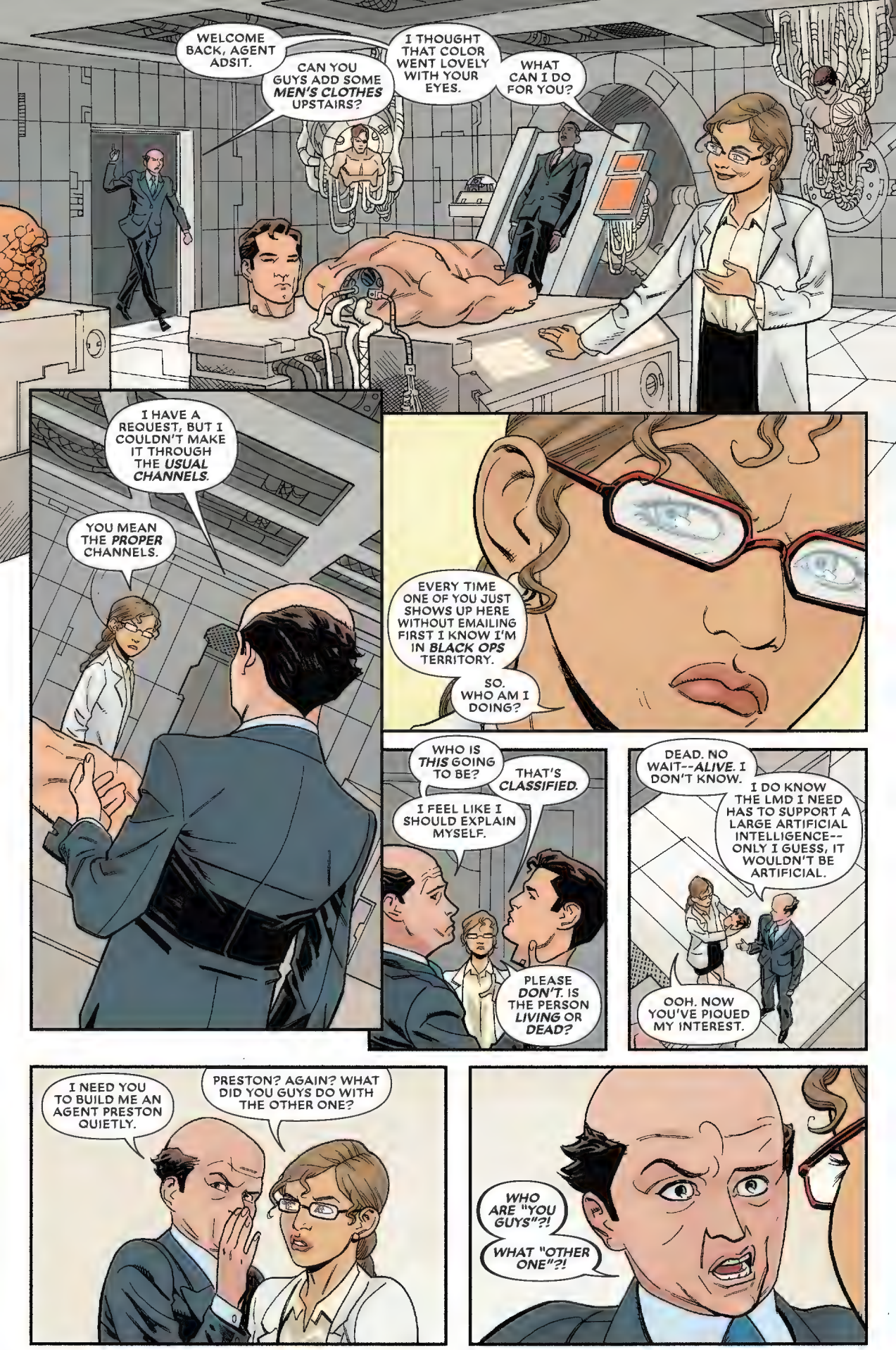
MAY I HELP YOU?
NO.
2-80%

"THIS IS JUST WHAT I ALWAYS DREAMED OF WEARING."
PASSCODE ACCEPTED.


ADSIT, SCOTT. S.H.I.E.L.D. LEVEL SIX.

IDENTITY CONFIRMED--AGENT ADSIT, LEVEL SIX S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT.

YOU KNOW WE DON'T HAVE SHOE PHONES ANYMORE, RIGHT?


WELCOME BACK, AGENT ADSIT.
CAN YOU GUYS ADD SOME MEN'S CLOTHES UPSTAIRS?
I THOUGHT THAT COLOR WENT LOVELY WITH YOUR EYES.
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I HAVE A REQUEST, BUT I COULDN'T MAKE IT THROUGH THE USUAL CHANNELS.
YOU MEAN THE PROPER CHANNELS.
EVERY TIME ONE OF YOU JUST SHOWS UP HERE WITHOUT EMAILING FIRST I KNOW I'M IN BLACK OPS TERRITORY.
SO. WHO AM I DOING?
WHO IS THIS GOING TO BE?
THAT'S CLASSIFIED.
I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD EXPLAIN MYSELF.
PLEASE DON'T. IS THE PERSON LIVING OR DEAD?
DEAD. NO WAIT--ALIVE. I DON'T KNOW.
I DO KNOW THE LMD I NEED HAS TO SUPPORT A LARGE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE--ONLY I GUESS, IT WOULDN'T BE ARTIFICIAL.
OOH. NOW YOU'VE PIQUED MY INTEREST.
I NEED YOU TO BUILD ME AN AGENT PRESTON QUIETLY.
PRESTON? AGAIN? WHAT DID YOU GUYS DO WITH THE OTHER ONE?
WHO ARE "YOU GUYS"?!
WHAT "OTHER ONE"?!

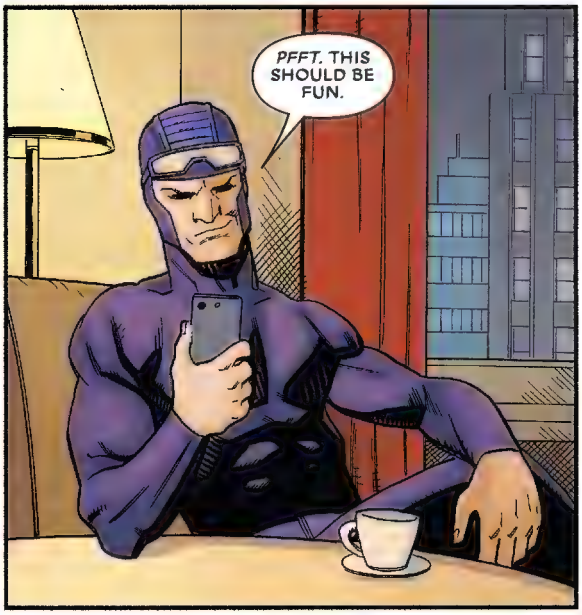
ACROSS TOWN, AT THE HOTEL DONOVAN.
THIS IS THE ONE YOU WANT.
IF YOU CAN'T STOP WHATEVER YOU'RE FIGHTING WITH THIS, THEN KISS YOUR ASS GOODBYE.
HOW DO WE KNOW YOU CAN DELIVER IN QUANTITY?
BECAUSE I KNOW THE CONSEQUENCES OF SAYING I CAN, AND THEN FAILING TO DELIVER. THERE ARE OTHER BUYERS. I NEED A COMMITMENT.
WE'RE JUST THE MUSCLE.
VERY WELL. WIRE THE ACCOUNT I GAVE YOU. I'LL CONTACT YOU WITH A PLACE TO MAKE THE EXCHANGE. I'LL MAKE THE DELIVERY IN A VAN OR TRUCK.
IT'S AGREED.
WHILE I'M HERE: YOU GENTLEMEN DON'T REQUIRE ANY UPPERS? DOWNERS? LIGHT YARD WORK?
I'M A WORKAHOLIC.
UNTRACEABLE. FROM AN EVIDENCE ROOM THAT SHALL REMAIN NAMELESS...

HEY, COUNTING CROWS. NEED ANY DING-DONG PILLS?
RING FOR DELIVERY
I THINK SHE'S *BIZARRE*.
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S *WEIRD* THAT THIS WOMAN LOVES RAKING LEAVES AS MUCH AS SHE DOES?
OH, IT'S DEFINITELY WEIRD, BUT SHE'S THE HARDEST WORKING PERSON THAT ANSWERED OUR ONLINE AD.
SHE DOESN'T MISS A SINGLE LEAF!

MEANWHILE,
AT UNDISCLOSED COORDINATES JUST OUTSIDE MANHATTAN.
AGENT GORMAN?
WE HAVE A BIG PROBLEM.
YOU MIGHT, BUT EVERYTHING IS LOOKING PRETTY GOOD FROM WHERE I'M SITTING.
THIS IS BETTER THAN GTA.
I JUST GOT BACK FROM THE LMD LAB. SOMEBODY MADE A LIFE MODEL DECOY OF PRESTON AFTER SHE WAS KILLED.
WHO ORDERED THAT?!
THAT'S THE CRAZY THING-- ACCORDING TO THE SCIENTISTS-- IT WAS PRESTON HERSELF. IN THE HOURS FOLLOWING HER DEATH.
YOU DID THE RIGHT THING COMING TO ME. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT. I WON'T LET PRESTON'S MEMORY BE SULLIED LIKE THIS. MAY I ASK YOU A QUESTION?
WHAT WERE YOU DOING AT THE LMD FACILITY?
YOU KNOW LMDS ARE...NOT FOR "PERSONAL USE."
NO, NO! IT'S NOTHING LIKE THAT.
YOU SEE... I RECENTLY LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT AGENT PRESTON...

MICHAEL, THE FORMER S.H.I.E.L.D.-TRAINED NECROMANCER TRAPPED HER MIND INSIDE DEADPOOL DURING THE ZOMBIE FIGHT ON THE WASHINGTON MALL.
THEY HAD ME OVER AND COOKED FOR ME.
PRESTON... IS *ALIVE?*
I KNOW IT'S *CRAZY*. WE ALL THOUGHT GEORGE WASHINGTON HAD KILLED PRESTON, BUT MICHAEL PUT HER INTO DEADPOOL'S BODY. SHE'S BEEN TRAPPED IN THERE EVER SINCE.
PRESTON ASKED US TO PREPARE AN LMD THAT COULD HOUSE HER *LIVING MIND*. I ASSUME THE PROCESS IS A LITTLE MORE REFINED SINCE *JOHN GARRETT?*
I HAVE TO HANDLE SOME THINGS...THINGS ABOVE YOUR PAY GRADE. I'M ON THIS, THOUGH. IN THE MEANTIME: *TELL NO ONE*. I'LL CONTACT YOU--OFF S.H.I.E.L.D. FREQUENCIES.
YOU GOT IT.
I ALWAYS SUSPECTED YOU WERE A *DUMBASS*, ADSIT.
BIG PROBLEM. NO MORE WEAPONS SALES UNTIL WE TAKE CARE OF SOMETHING...
FINE! IT CAN COME OUT OF MY END OF THE DEAL--JUST RELEASE THE HOUNDS!
LET EVERYBODY KNOW, LET THE WHOLE WORLD KNOW--THERE'S A PRICE ON *WADE WILSON'S* HEAD.
BRING ME THE HEAD OF DEADPOOL!

CONTRACT:
DEADPOOL.
TEN MILLION.
TIME SENSITIVE.
HIT NEEDS TO
HAPPEN TODAY.


PFFT. THIS SHOULD BE FUN.

ABANDON ALL HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER!
YED!
CALL GER FOR A GOOD TIME 555-2112

OUI!
I OWE HIM.

PASTA NIGHT IS CANCELLED, BOYS.

CONTRACT:
DEADPOOL.
TEN MILLION.
TIME SENSITIVE.
HIT NEEDS TO
HAPPEN TODAY.
WE'RE IN LOL!
BLOOP

TEN MILLION DOLLARS IS A LOT OF MONEY, BUT KILLING DEADPOOL WOULD BE TOUGH, AND FINDING HIM WOULD BE EVEN TOUGHER. I WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE TO...
NOW SHOWING
TYL
IT'S A MAD
ADEA'S MAD CHRISTMAS.
WELL, THE MOVIE WORKED--IT MADE ME MAD.
YOU DIDN'T SEE ENOUGH OF THE MOVIE TO NOT LIKE IT!
I SAW ENOUGH.
I LIKED THE PART WITH THE FAT SUIT SYMBIOTE.
IT WASN'T A--
ONE DAY I'LL HAVE TO STEAL A SONIC WEAPON AND KILL IT.
LEMME CALL YOU RIGHT BACK.

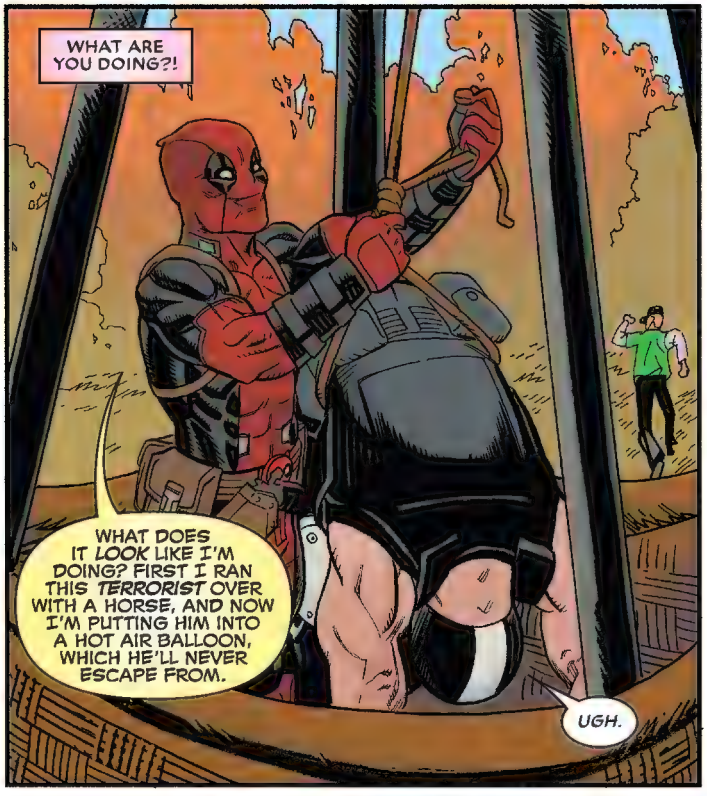
HELP A BRO OUT?
HERE.
POP
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU SHOT YOURSELF IN THE HEAD TO GET OUT OF SEEING A MOVIE.
THE WORST MOVIE.
THERE WERE OTHER PEOPLE IN THAT THEATER!
I USED A SILENCER!
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT!
HANG ON, THE BULLET JUST WORKED ITSELF OUT.
PTOO.
OH, CRAP.

OH, WHAT MESS HAVE YOU GOTTEN US INTO NOW?!
QUIET! OR I'LL LET 'ROID RAGE OVER THERE SHOOT YOU OUT OF MY HEAD.
BOOM!
I WOULD THINK YOU WOULD BE USED TO RANDOM PEOPLE TRYING TO KILL ME. IT COULD BE ANYONE, AT ANYTIME.
I WOULD WATCH A TV SHOW CALLED "GUESS WHO'S MAD ENOUGH TO KILL DEADPOOL."
YEAH, AND ANYONE COULD STAR ON IT. THAT WAS CROSSBONES, BY THE WAY.
HEY, CROSSBONES! I DON'T REMEMBER PISSING YOU OFF.
IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL, RED. I'M JUST TAKING THE CONTRACT.
SURE. THERE ARE PROBABLY LITTLE BONES TO TAKE CARE OF, RIGHT?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
WHAT AM I WORTH?
WHO CARES?!
I CARE!

C'MON! HOW MUCH?
YOU MUSTA PISSED SOMEBODY OFF GOOD--TEN MILLION!
BLAM BLAM
CHAK
TEN MILLION?! I'D KILL MYSELF FOR THAT.
HELL, YOU DID THAT DURING THE OPENING CREDITS OF OUR MOVIE.
YEAH, WELL-- YOU AIN'T GONNA BE AROUND TO COLLECT ON YOURSELF.
WELL, SOMEBODY MUST THINK VERY HIGHLY OF ME TO PUT THAT KIND OF NUMBER ON MY HEAD.
I SIMPLY MUST MEET THIS PERSON-- WHO WAS IT?
YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES. THE SERVICE RINGS. ACCEPT OR YOU DON'T.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHO PUT THE CONTRACT OUT. DON'T CARE, NEITHER.
CHUD

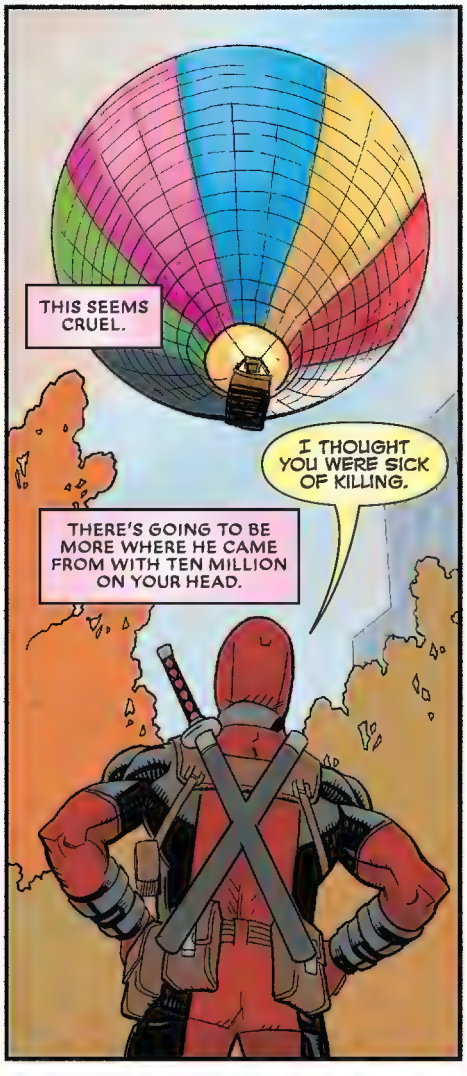
KRAK!
UHN!
I'M REALLY NOT IN THE MOOD.
I FIGURE YOU'VE HEARD I'M SOME KIND OF PUNCH-CLOWN, BUT I REALLY JUST WANT TO BE ALONE RIGHT NOW.
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU WANT. I TELL YOU WHAT THOUGH-- IF YOU GOT TEN MILLION, I'D TAKE IT AND FORGET I FOUND YOU.
OW!
NYC TAXI
THAT REMINDS ME: PRESTON, THE FIRST THING YOU'RE GOING TO DO WHEN YOU GET BACK TO WORK IS GET ME THE MONEY THAT S.H.I.E.L.D. OWES ME.
CAN YOU FOCUS ON LOSING THIS TURKEY?
LAST CHANCE. I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU IF YOU FOLLOW ME IN HERE.
WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE! YOU'RE GONNA DIE!
I HAVE A KEEN SENSE OF HEARING AND SMELL.
LET ME GUESS: YOU PLAN TO ESCAPE ON A HORSE?
TELL ME I'M WRONG!!!

GLOMPTY GLOMP GLOMP
YEAAARGH!
SWING AND A MISS, BONES.
AND CONGRATS TO YOU BOTH.
WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
ALBANY.
WELCOME TO NEW YORK CITY! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT PLANNED WHILE YOU'RE HERE?
WE...WE WERE TAKING A CARRIAGE TO A HOT AIR BALLOON IN CENTRAL PARK.
YEAH, NOT ANYMORE. I'M COMMANDEERING THAT.
GO HAVE DINNER AT KEEN'S CHOPHOUSE.
OUT OF THE BALLOON! OFFICIAL AVENGERS BUSINESS!

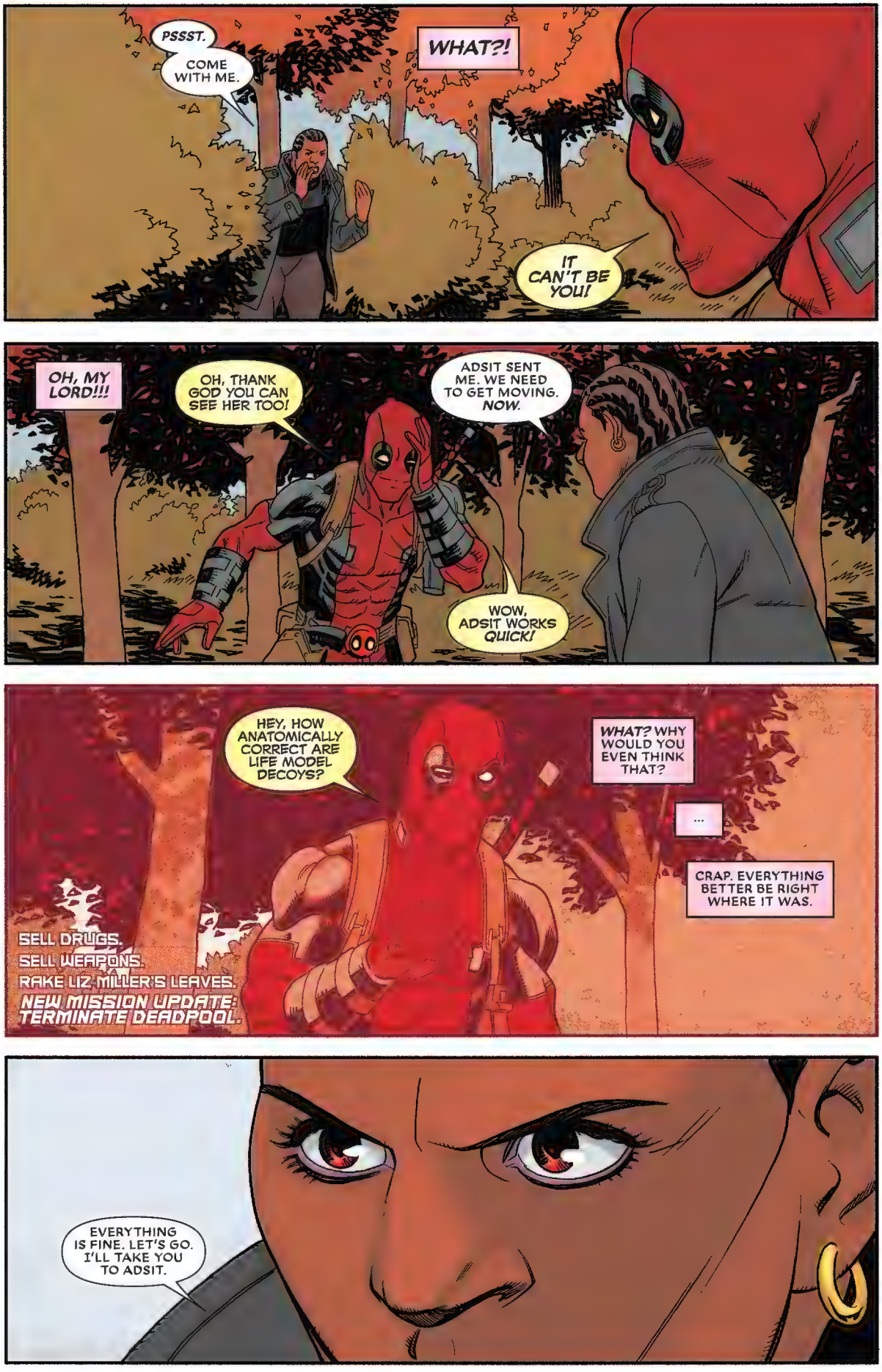

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
WHAT DOES IT *LOOK* LIKE I'M DOING? FIRST I RAN THIS *TERRORIST* OVER WITH A HORSE, AND NOW I'M PUTTING HIM INTO A HOT AIR BALLOON, WHICH HE'LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM.
UGH.

FWOOSH
BUFFOON IN BALLOON
DO NOT CROSS DEADPOOL, CROSSBONES
UP, UP, AND AWAY
HAIKU?
GESUNHEIT.

THWICK


THIS SEEMS CRUEL.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE SICK OF KILLING.
THERE'S GOING TO BE MORE WHERE HE CAME FROM WITH TEN MILLION ON YOUR HEAD.

DEADPOOL? YOU THERE? WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHO SHOULD WE CALL ABOUT CROSSBONES?
NOBODY. HE'S FINE. THE *PREVAILING WINDS* HAVE HIM NOW.


PSSST.
COME WITH ME.
WHAT?!
IT CAN'T BE YOU!
OH, MY LORD!!!
OH, THANK GOD YOU CAN SEE HER TOO!
ADSIT SENT ME. WE NEED TO GET MOVING. NOW.
WOW, ADSIT WORKS QUICK!
HEY, HOW ANATOMICALLY CORRECT ARE LIFE MODEL DECOYS?
WHAT? WHY WOULD YOU EVEN THINK THAT?
...
CRAP. EVERYTHING BETTER BE RIGHT WHERE IT WAS.
SELL DRUGS.
SELL WEAPONS.
RAKE LIZ MILLER'S LEAVES.
NEW MISSION UPDATE: TERMINATE DEADPOOL.
EVERYTHING IS FINE. LET'S GO. I'LL TAKE YOU TO ADSIT.

MEANWHILE, ELSEWHERE IN NEW YORK...
SORRY FOR THE CLOAK AND DAGGER STUFF, BUT THIS IS CLOAK AND DAGGER STUFF.
I DID WHAT YOU ASKED. GORMAN KNOWS ABOUT THE ROGUE PRESTON LMD.
GOOD. THEN THE *BAIT* IS SET.
I DON'T LOVE BEING *BAIT*.
DON'T HATE THE BAITER.
Exit
JUST KEEP ME FROM BECOMING *CHUM*.
WHY NOT JUST POP GORMAN NOW?
WE WANT THE SELLER *AND* HIS BUYERS. LET'S GET THE HOOKS DEEP. THINK *BIG*.
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE: ***MASTER BAITERS*** CAN MAKE THEIR CAREERS ON THE KIND OF CASE YOU *BUMBLED* INTO.
BESIDES, I'LL WATCH OVER YOU. YOU'LL BE ***RELATIVELY*** SAFE.
DO ME A FAVOR: PASS A MESSAGE TO PRESTON FOR ME...

TELL HER PHIL COULSON IS ON THE CASE, AND WE'RE GOING TO BRING HER HOME.

DEADPOOL VS. S.H.I.E.L.D. PART TWO

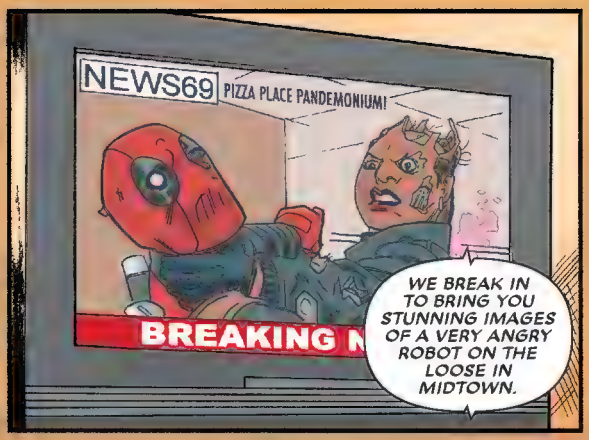
MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.
I LOVE DIGIROLAMO'S PIZZA. I'VE BEEN DYING FOR A SLICE SINCE WE GOT BACK FROM BEST KOREA.
INSIDE, PLEASE.
WEIRD, THE REAL YOU NEVER SAYS PLEASE.
OH, PLEASE.
RDOR BOOKS
GOOD BUYS
CLOSED
BZZT BZZT
HANG ON A SEC.
HI, WHEN ARE WE MEETING? I HAVE TO BRING YOU UP TO SPEED ON SOME DEVELOPMENTS.
I'M AT THE PIZZA PLACE WITH YOUR PRESBOT NOW.
HEY! THAT BETTER NOT STICK!
UH... DEADPOOL?
EXIT
I DIDN'T SEND AN LMD FOR YOU. IT'S PROBABLY GORMAN'S LMD. HE'S BEEN USING AN LMD OF HER TO SELL WEAPONS, SECRETS, AND EVEN KILL SOME GUYS.
IF I'M RIGHT, YOU'RE IN DANGER.
CLOSED
SURE, I CAN READ YOU THE SERIAL NUMBER ON MY GUN. LET ME JUST SLIP IT OUT OF MY HOLSTER, SO I CAN READ IT TO Y--

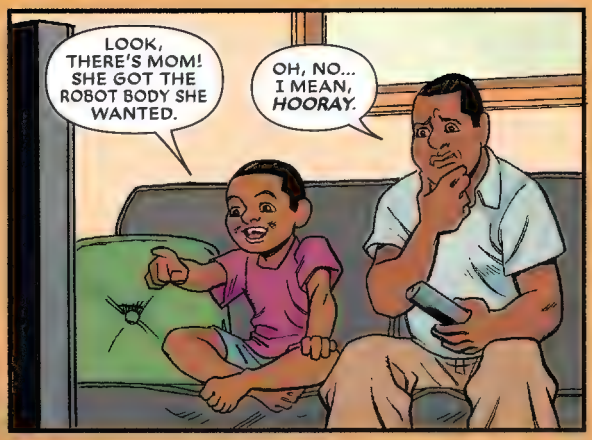
THWICK
BAM
BANG BANG BANG
KEEAABUUUMCCHHH
DEADPOOL!
PRESTON?
HELLO?
MAKE WAY!
C'MON, TRACE THE PING. C'MON... PING.
HELP IS ON THE WAY! AGENT PRESTON...
...AND DEADPOOL TOO, I GUESS.

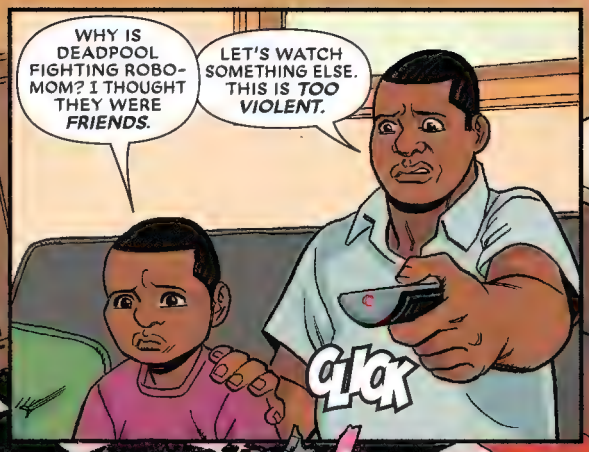
HEY, I LIKE THE PIZZA HERE AND YOU'RE ABOUT TO VIOLATE SEVERAL HEALTH CODES.
HEY, SERIOUSLY, LADY, STOP!!!
BLAM BLAM
UHN.
NEWS
POLICE
OH, GOD NO!
DOES THAT PIE HAVE ANCHOVIES?
AARGH!
GET US OUTTA HERE!
THUMP

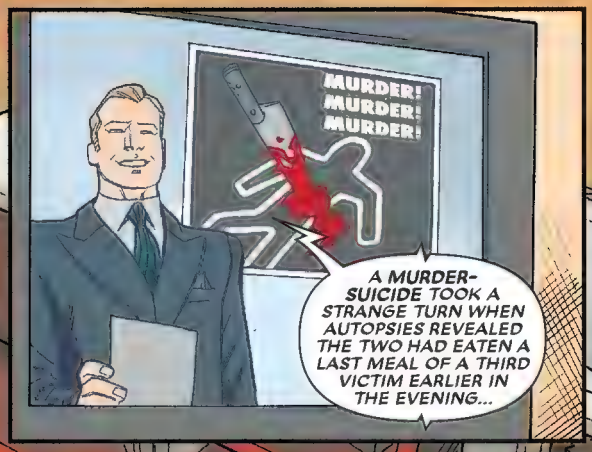
THWUMP
ADSIT CAN ORDER YOU ANOTHER BODY, RIGHT?
MAYBE? LET'S GO EASY ON IT, THEY'RE EXPENSIVE.
DAMN, LOOK AT ME SWING THAT CHAIN. I'M LOOKING GOOD.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
WHO ARE YOU ROOTING FOR HERE, PRESTON?
NOT IN MY FACE, DEADPOOL!
I HOPE GORMAN PAID EXTRA FOR THE SERVICE PLAN...
NICE TO SEE WITH OUR HISTORY YOU WON'T TAKE IT EASY ON ME.
YOU KNOW, IT'S NOT REALLY YOU, RIGHT?
SKRLASH

GET BACK.
I'M LIVE.
I NEED BACKUP.
CUT ITS HEAD OFF!
WHOA. THAT SEEMS EXCESSIVE AND INAPPROPRIATE.
AND AWESOME!
LMD'S TYPICALLY SHUT DOWN WHEN YOU REMOVE THE HEAD.
EXIT
THUK
SRAK


NEWS69
PIZZA PLACE PANDEMONIUM!
BREAKING N
WE BREAK IN TO BRING YOU STUNNING IMAGES OF A VERY ANGRY ROBOT ON THE LOOSE IN MIDTOWN.


LOOK, THERE'S MOM! SHE GOT THE ROBOT BODY SHE WANTED.
OH, NO... I MEAN, HOORAY.


WHY IS DEADPOOL FIGHTING ROBO-MOM? I THOUGHT THEY WERE FRIENDS.
LET'S WATCH SOMETHING ELSE. THIS IS TOO VIOLENT.
CLAK


MURDER! MURDER! MURDER!
A MURDER-SUICIDE TOOK A STRANGE TURN WHEN AUTOPSIES REVEALED THE TWO HAD EATEN A LAST MEAL OF A THIRD VICTIM EARLIER IN THE EVENING...

WELL, PRESTON, SORRY YOU WON'T--

--BEHEADING INTO THIS BODY.
NICE JOB, PUNISHER.
I'M GONNA MISS US, PRESTON.
HEY, THOSE ARE EXPENSIVE!
JUST BECAUSE GORMAN SET IT TO EVIL, DOESN'T MEAN WE COULDN'T HAVE WIPED IT.
SPEAKING OF AGENT GORMAN, I'M SHOCKED--JUST SHOCKED--THAT THE ASS THAT CHEATED ME OUT OF MY MONEY IS DIRTY.
COULSON IS WORKING ON SECURING YOU THE MONEY FOR KILLING THE UNDEAD PRESIDENTS.
I DON'T KNOW WHO COULSON IS, BUT I ALREADY LIKE HIM.
NOW LET'S GO KILL GORMAN.
WHOA, WHOA! I THINK WE'D LIKE TO ARREST GORMAN, OR MAYBE BEAT HIM UP AND THEN ARREST HIM.
BORING!
I'M WITH YOU ON THIS ONE, DEADPOOL.
COULSON WANTS TO CATCH GORMAN IN THE ACT. HE'S BEEN SELLING SECRETS TO A CRIMINAL OR TERRORIST ORGANIZATION FOR ALMOST A YEAR.
GORMAN IS A TERRIBLE BREACH OF SECURITY. WE'RE THE BAIT.
DON'T WORRY, ADSIT, I'M A MASTER BAIT--
STOP. COULSON ALREADY CRACKED THAT JOKE.
WHO IS THIS COULSON? I MUST MEET HIM.
WHERE'S GORMAN NOW?
HE'S BACK AT...

S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER.
THINK, GORMAN, WHAT IS THIS NERD'S PASSWORD?
WHAT AM I FORGETTING?
SPIDEYLOVER2112
LOGIN
REMEMBER PASSWORD
IDIOT.
FILE EDIT CODE

CLEAR ME FOR TAKEOFF!
OOF!
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, COULSON.
SORRY, GORMAN.
YOU KNOW, PHIL, IF I DON'T HAVE TO WEAR A BLUETOOTH, YOU CERTAINLY DON'T.
IT'S NOT A BLUETOOTH. IT'S A WEAPON.
YOU'RE NOT CLEARED TO KNOW ANYTHING MORE.
ADSIT, GORMAN MAY BE SPOOKED.
IT'S A GOOD BET THAT IF HE SUSPECTS WE KNOW ABOUT HIM THAT HE'D MAKE A MOVE AGAINST EMILY AND DEADPOOL.

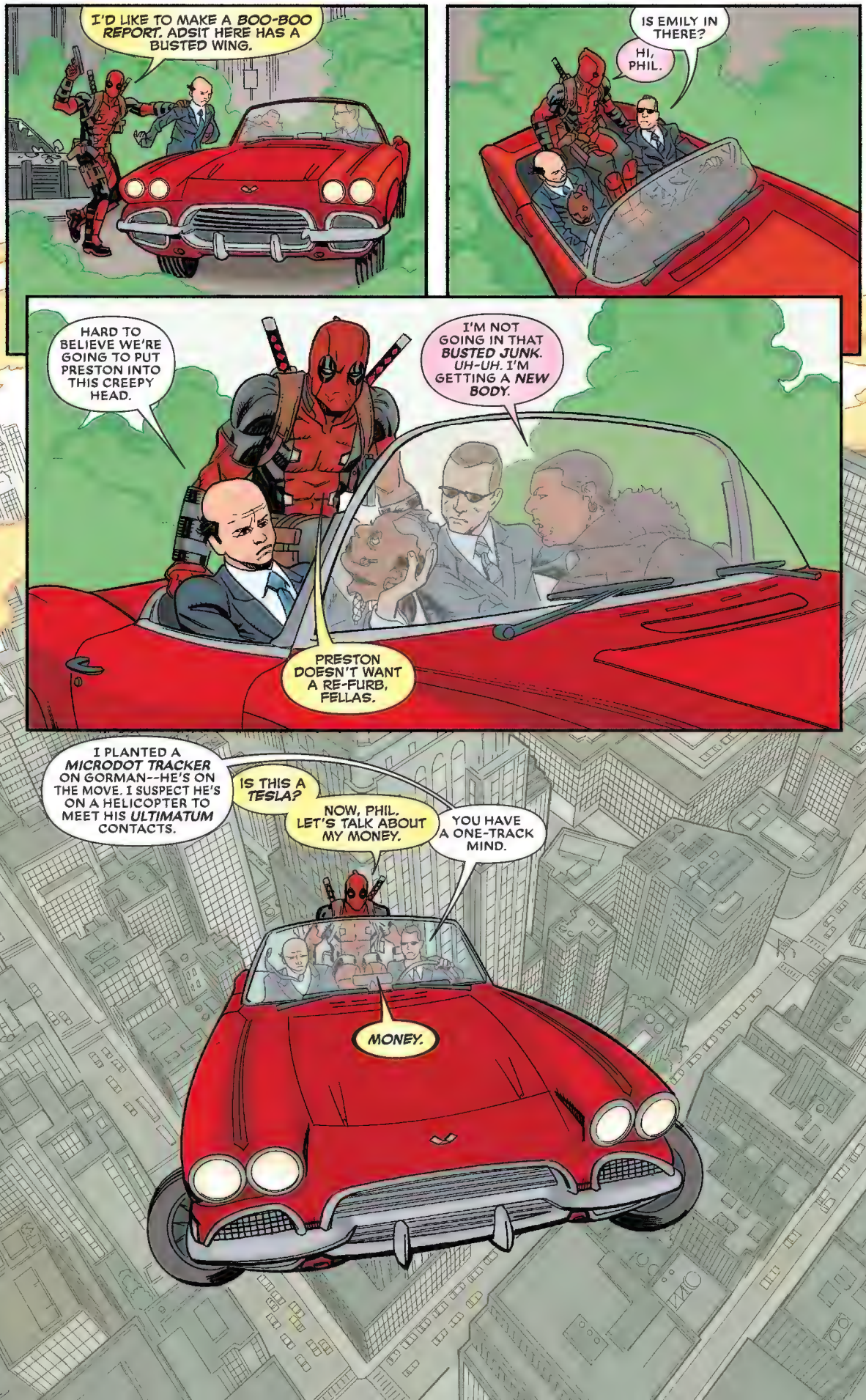
WELL, THAT EXPLAINS MY CURRENT SITUATION.
WE COULD USE SOME HELP.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
24 HOUR KARATE SCHOOL
KPOW
BRAAP
EVERY UNEMPLOYED $*!#BIRD THINKS IT'S DEADPOOL SEASON.
OUT OF MY WAY, CREEPS. THE TEN MILLION IS ALL MINE.
I'M NOT YOUR PAYDAY, FATMAN.
SKRAK
AEEEEE!!!
SKLUNCH
I'M LETTING YOU KEEP YOUR LIFE, SO YOU CAN TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS, I'M NOT TO BE &%#$&% WITH.
I PROMISE YOU THIS: WHEN YOU GET OUT OF THAT WHEELCHAIR, I'M GOING TO BREAK YOUR OTHER ARM AND LEG.
DEADPOOL, PLEASE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAIM THEM.
WE NEED COVER!
TOYZ B US
IN HERE!
WE GOT TOYZ
HELLA-TOYZ!
OKAY. NOT IN HERE.

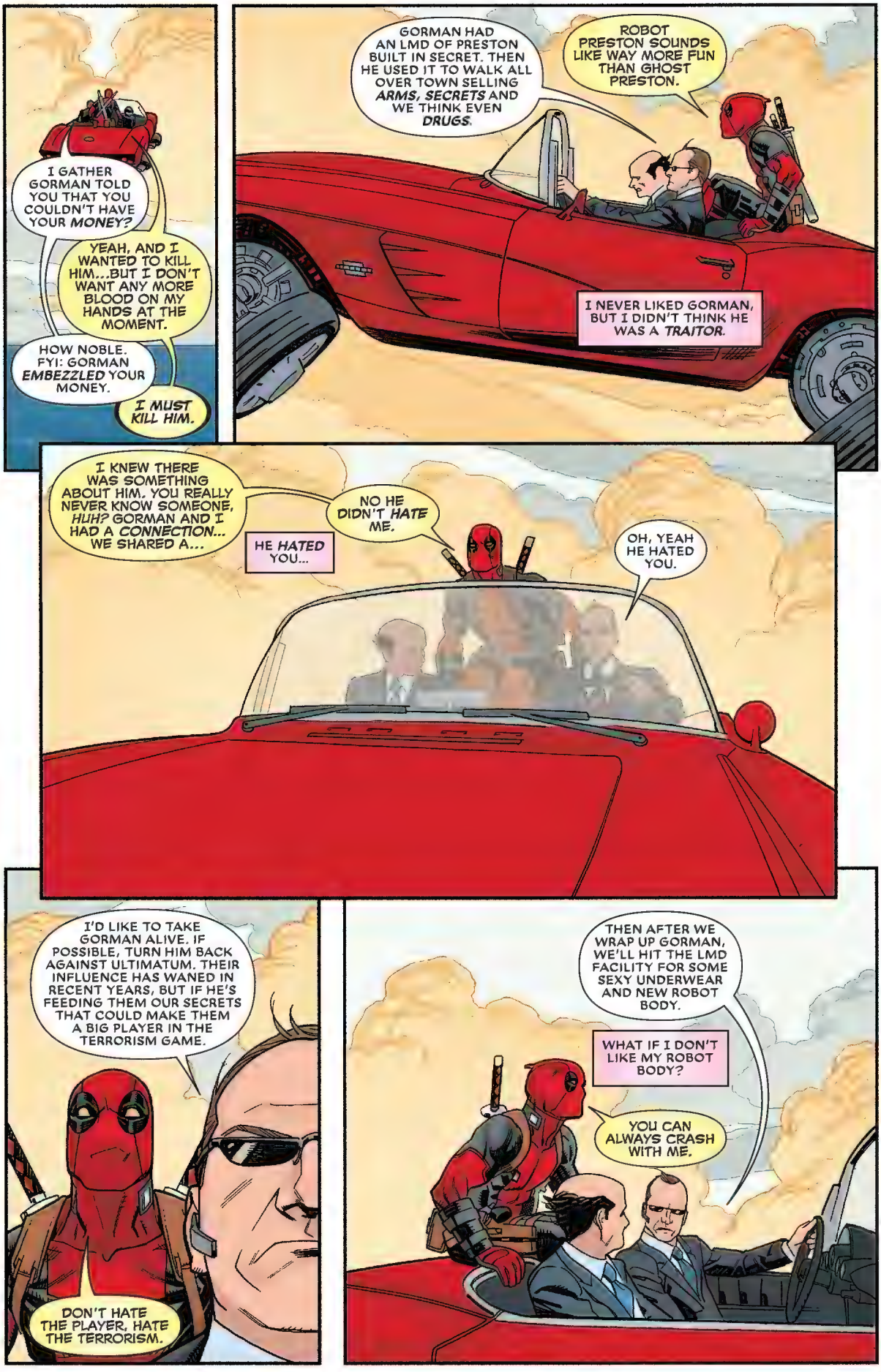
I DIDN'T EVEN GET A CHANCE TO SEE IF MY ACTION FIGURE HAD BOY STUFF ON UNDER HIS UNIFORM.
NOW THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS AND DIE!!!
HEY, WE HAVEN'T DISCUSSED HOW WE'RE SPLITTING THE MONEY-- AAARRRGH!
SHOOT 'EM DOWN!!!
HEY, WADE.
HI, PAL.
IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING, BUT--
I KNOW, NOTHING PERSONAL.
DUCK, DEADPOOL!
OH HEY, PASTE POT! LOOKS LIKE I REALLY DRAW THE D-LIST, HUH?
AH! HELP?
I'LL SHOW YOU D-LIST.
NO THANKS, PLEASE LEAVE YOUR TIGHTS ON.
GAKK!
÷GASP÷
TWOK
NO MORE GAMES, PETE. THIS ISN'T FUN FOR ME ANYMORE. FROM HERE ON OUT, I'M OFF-LIMITS TO YOU.
WE MEET AGAIN? I TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY PERMANENTLY.

KERA-CHK!
I AIN'T BEING PAID TO KILL YOU. BE SMART, WALK AWAY.
THAT SOUNDED HORRIBLE... YEESH!!!
UGH. GOD. HELP, DEADPOOL! THAT WAS MY GUN HAND.
NO, GRASSHOPPER. EVERY HAND IS FOR GUN.
YOU'RE IN SHOCK.
GET DOWN.
POLICE
POLICE DEPARTMENT
AM I GONNA BE OKAY?
TELL HIM YES.
UGH. I CAN'T LIE. ARMS AREN'T SUPPOSED TO DO THAT.

THEY CAN *FIX* THIS, RIGHT?
SURE, THEY'LL JUST POP IT OFF AND GIVE YOU A KICK-ASS *HOOK*.
OH GOD, SHUT UP!!!
BATROC. THIS IS STRIKE TWO.
I OWE YOU FOR THE GREAT *PAIN* AND *EMBARRASSMENT* YOU CAUSED--
MEEEEEEEEEEEE
IF YOU COME AT ME AGAIN, STRIKE THREE MEANS YOUR *LIFE*.
WILL YOU KILL THE GUY THAT BROKE MY ARM?
SCOTT!
I CHARGE HALF UP FRONT, HALF ON COMPLETION.
BLARGGGG!!!
BRAKKABRAKKA
BLAM
I'VE NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE.
PRESTON IS *PISSED* AT YOU.
MY ARM IS *BROKEN*.
HER *NECK WAS SNAPPED*.
BOOM
IT'S NOT THE SAME. I BET HER NECK DIDN'T HURT AFTER SHE *DIED*.

HEY, FENNEL, STOP FIRING FOR A MOMENT. THIS GUY IS TRYING TO GET OUR ATTENTION, AND I CAN'T HEAR HIM. IT COULD BE IMPORTANT.
BEEP BEEP
LET'S HEAR HIM-- GAH!
BRRRRP BRRRRP
BE IN THE CAR BY THE TIME I HAVE TO RELOAD.
BRRRRP BRRRRP
WHO'S THIS GUY? NICK FURY'S ACCOUNTANT?
SHOW SOME RESPECT. THAT IS AGENT PHIL COULSON, A LIVING S.H.I.E.L.D. LEGEND.


I'D LIKE TO MAKE A BOO-BOO REPORT. ADSIT HERE HAS A BUSTED WING.
IS EMILY IN THERE?
HI, PHIL.
HARD TO BELIEVE WE'RE GOING TO PUT PRESTON INTO THIS CREEPY HEAD.
I'M NOT GOING IN THAT BUSTED JUNK. UH-UH. I'M GETTING A NEW BODY.
PRESTON DOESN'T WANT A RE-FURB, FELLAS.
I PLANTED A MICRODOT TRACKER ON GORMAN--HE'S ON THE MOVE. I SUSPECT HE'S ON A HELICOPTER TO MEET HIS ULTIMATUM CONTACTS.
IS THIS A TESLA?
NOW, PHIL. LET'S TALK ABOUT MY MONEY.
YOU HAVE A ONE-TRACK MIND.
MONEY.


I GATHER GORMAN TOLD YOU THAT YOU COULDN'T HAVE YOUR MONEY?
YEAH, AND I WANTED TO KILL HIM...BUT I DON'T WANT ANY MORE BLOOD ON MY HANDS AT THE MOMENT.
HOW NOBLE. FYI: GORMAN EMBEZZLED YOUR MONEY.
I MUST KILL HIM.
GORMAN HAD AN LMD OF PRESTON BUILT IN SECRET. THEN HE USED IT TO WALK ALL OVER TOWN SELLING ARMS, SECRETS AND WE THINK EVEN DRUGS.
ROBOT PRESTON SOUNDS LIKE WAY MORE FUN THAN GHOST PRESTON.
I NEVER LIKED GORMAN, BUT I DIDN'T THINK HE WAS A TRAITOR.
I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIM. YOU REALLY NEVER KNOW SOMEONE, HUH? GORMAN AND I HAD A CONNECTION... WE SHARED A...
HE HATED YOU...
NO HE DIDN'T HATE ME.
OH, YEAH HE HATED YOU.
I'D LIKE TO TAKE GORMAN ALIVE. IF POSSIBLE, TURN HIM BACK AGAINST ULTIMATUM. THEIR INFLUENCE HAS WANED IN RECENT YEARS, BUT IF HE'S FEEDING THEM OUR SECRETS THAT COULD MAKE THEM A BIG PLAYER IN THE TERRORISM GAME.
DON'T HATE THE PLAYER, HATE THE TERRORISM.
THEN AFTER WE WRAP UP GORMAN, WE'LL HIT THE LMD FACILITY FOR SOME SEXY UNDERWEAR AND NEW ROBOT BODY.
WHAT IF I DON'T LIKE MY ROBOT BODY?
YOU CAN ALWAYS CRASH WITH ME.

SMALL CRAFT AHEAD OF US, IT'S PROBABLY GORMAN...
NO, IT'S TOO SMALL. PROBABLY A FLOCK OF BIRDS.
CROSSBONES! IT'S CROSSY!!! C.B!!!
FRIEND OF YOURS?
NOPE, HE'S A REAL JERKFACE. I RAN HIM OVER WITH A HORSE, THEN I GAVE HIM A BALLOON.
DAMMIT. I DID NOT EXPECT THE HALLUCINATIONS TO BEGIN SO SOON.
MAYBE THIS TALKING RACCOON IS NOT REAL EITHER?
WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO TAKE GORMAN WITHOUT ANY VIOLENCE.
UH--HOW BIG IS GORMAN'S COPTER?
SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH THE INSTRUMENTS.
DEETDEET DEET DEET

HOLY--

IT'S THE *S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS OF SHELBYVILLE!*

SO--IT LOOKS LIKE *ULTIMATUM* IS DOING WELL FOR ITSELF.

GORMAN HAS DONE MORE *DAMAGE* THAN WE COULD HAVE PREDICTED.

THAT SON OF A BITCH.

HE MUST HAVE BEEN WORKING WITH THEM FOR *YEARS*.

THEY MUST HAVE PUT A TRACKER ON YOU BEFORE YOU ESCAPED.

WELL, THE CLOAK IS READY, AND SO ARE THE WEAPONS. SO HAVE *FUN*.

LAUNCH COUNTERMEASURES.

WE'RE *OUTGUNNED* HERE.

WE'LL LOSE THEM IF THEY HAVE OUR CLOAK TECH, TOO.

YEAH, YEAH-- I CAN TAKE A HINT. YOU GUYS GO FOR HELP.

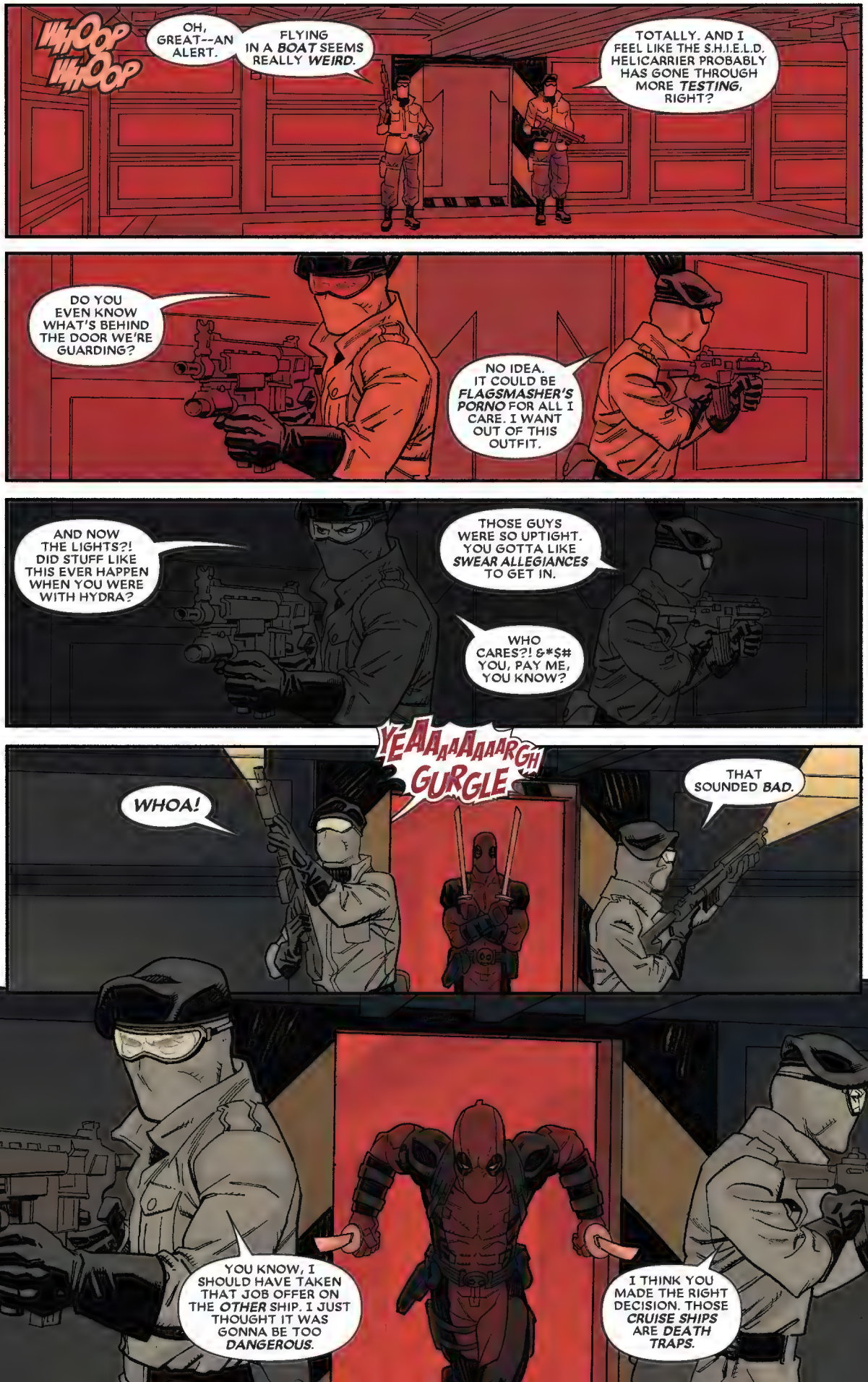
FIND A WAY TO MAKE THAT SHIP VISIBLE. WE'LL BRING THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER AROUND.

CAN DO!

DEADPOOL, I WANT YOU TO TONE DOWN THE VIOLENCE.
LET'S *STAY STEALTHY* AND *AVOID* ULTIMATUM SOLDIERS.
YOU KNOW, OUR RELATIONSHIP IS GOING STALE. I THINK YOU SHOULD TELL OTHER PEOPLE WHAT TO DO.
ME? I'M GONNE GET MY *KILL* ON.
NOT SURE WHO I'M MORE NERVOUS FOR. THEM, OR *ULTIMATUM*.
DEFINITELY THE TERRORISTS.

DEADPOOL
23
DEADPOOL VS. S.H.I.E.L.D. PART THREE

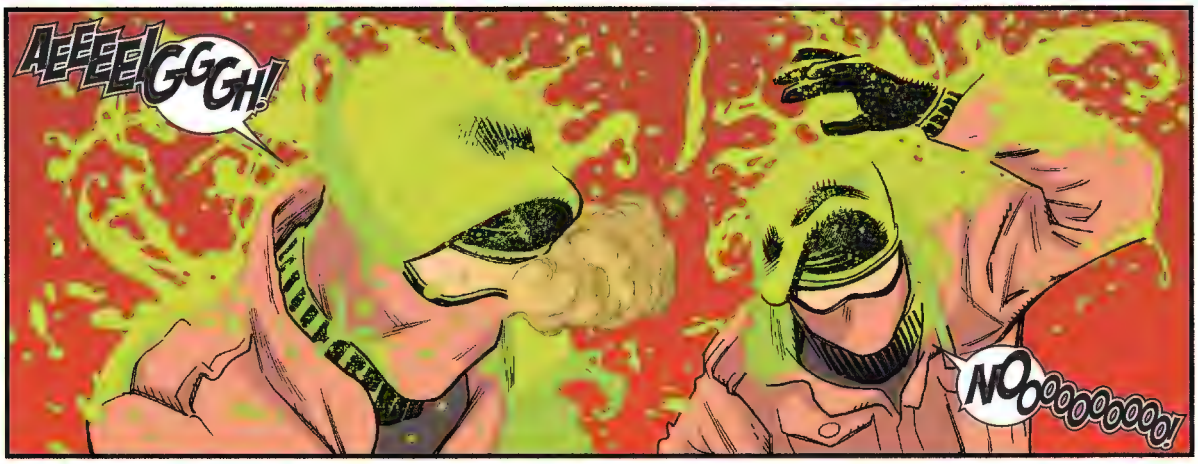
DAMMIT! COULSON GOT AWAY, WE NEED TO MOVE THIS HELICARRIER TO A NEW LOCATION RIGHT NOW.
HELM, ENGAGE CLOAK. MOVE US OUT TO SEA. WE'RE RUNNING SILENT!
EXCUSE ME! I'M THE CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP, I SHOULD BE THE ONE GIVING ORDERS.
BUT...LET'S JUST TRY IT GORMAN'S WAY FOR RIGHT NOW.
AND PUT THE PEDAL DOWN UNLESS YOU WANT TO TEST THIS SHIP'S WEAPONS IN COMBAT WITH S.H.I.E.L.D.
UH-OH...
SIR! WE HAVE A SECURITY BREACH.
2:59
HE MUST HAVE BOARDED FROM COULSON'S CAR. HOW MUCH OF A PROBLEM IS THIS?
PFFT. HE'S NOT A PROBLEM.
WHAT AN IDIOT. I PUT A BOUNTY ON HIS HEAD AND HE COMES TO ME. TODAY IS THE DAY DEADPOOL DIES.


WHOOP WHOOP
OH, GREAT--AN ALERT.
FLYING IN A BOAT SEEMS REALLY WEIRD.
TOTALLY. AND I FEEL LIKE THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER PROBABLY HAS GONE THROUGH MORE TESTING, RIGHT?
DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND THE DOOR WE'RE GUARDING?
NO IDEA. IT COULD BE FLAGSMASHER'S PORNO FOR ALL I CARE. I WANT OUT OF THIS OUTFIT.
AND NOW THE LIGHTS?! DID STUFF LIKE THIS EVER HAPPEN WHEN YOU WERE WITH HYDRA?
THOSE GUYS WERE SO UPTIGHT. YOU GOTTA LIKE SWEAR ALLEGIANCES TO GET IN.
WHO CARES?! &*$# YOU, PAY ME, YOU KNOW?
YEAAAAAAAARGH
GURGLE
WHOA!
THAT SOUNDED BAD.
YOU KNOW, I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THAT JOB OFFER ON THE OTHER SHIP. I JUST THOUGHT IT WAS GONNA BE TOO DANGEROUS.
I THINK YOU MADE THE RIGHT DECISION. THOSE CRUISE SHIPS ARE DEATH TRAPS.

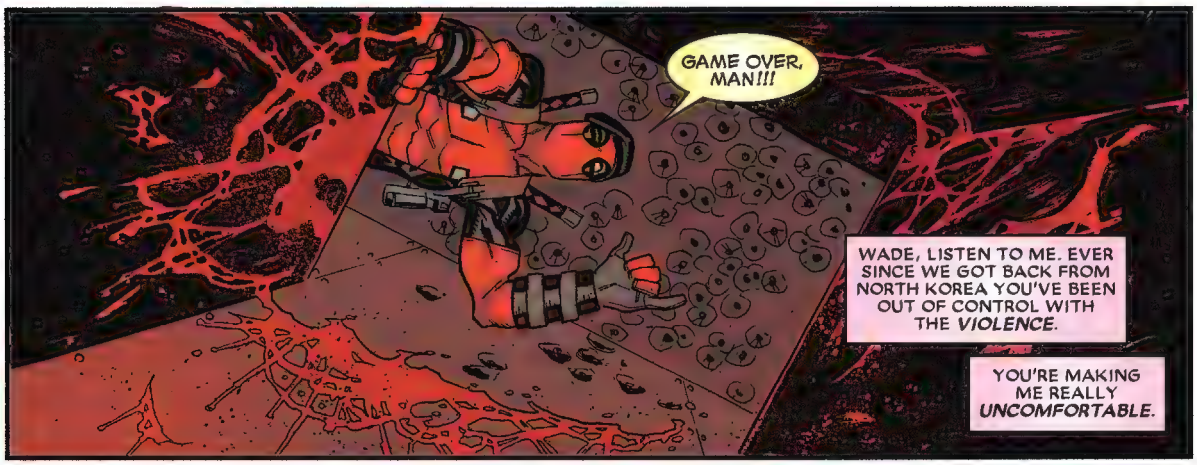
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
HEY, WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING--THIS IS DEADLY NERVE GAS.
ACID
YOU DON'T HAVE TO LECTURE ME. I'VE BEEN MAKING POISONOUS GAS SINCE BEFORE SADDAM, KID, I WAS GASSING PEOPLE WHILE YOU WERE STILL SWIMMIN' AROUND IN YOUR DADDY'S BAGGAGE.
YOU KNOW WHAT? I WAS GONNA ASK IF YOU WANTED TO COOK METH WITH ME WHEN WE GOT OUT, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? SCREW YOU. YOU POMPOUS JERK.
WHUD
WHAT WAS THAT?
"I'VE GASSED MORE CIVILIAN POPULATION CENTERS, SO YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO ME. BLAH BLAH BLAH"
SQUEEE-
I HATE YOU!
SLAP! SLAP! SLAPPITY! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!
DIE!
CHIK

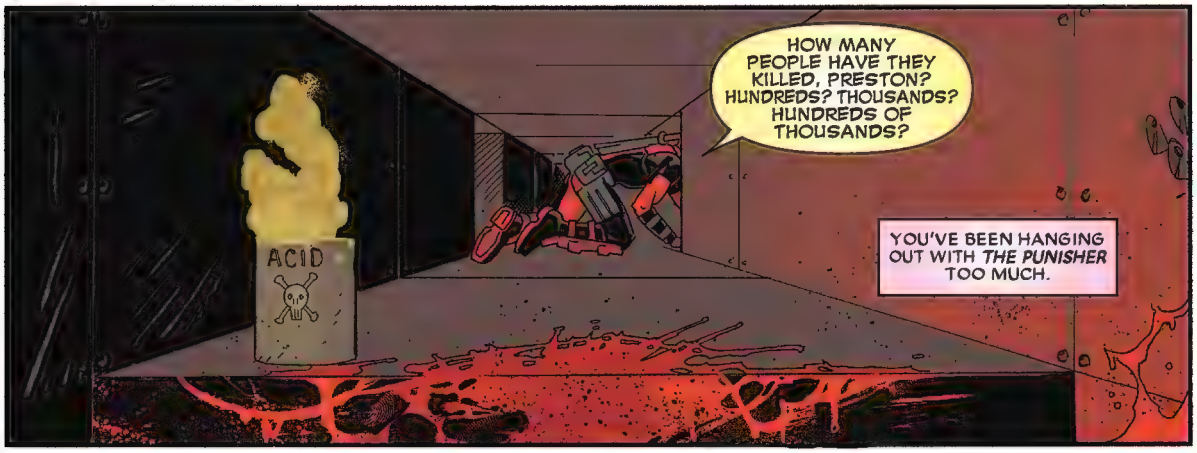
THAWBOOM
YOU HEAR THAT? THAT'S THE SOUND OF FELLOW ULTIMATUM...ERS? *UMTIMATUMITES*--ANYWAY, THEY'RE IN COMBAT. NOW GO GET SOME!
YEAH! YEAH!
LET'S DO IT!
I'LL GO FOR BACK-UP.
HURK!
OH, NO! IT GOT RICK!
NO, I'M RICK!
÷YEAAAAAGRK÷
OH, RICK! THANK GOD! YOU'RE OKAY.
OH GOD!
I KEEP SAYING WE SHOULD HAVE A MNEMONIC DEVICE TO TELL US APART--LIKE COLORED BERETS. RICK COULD HAVE A *RED* ONE FOR "R".

KILL IT!
I HIT IT--I KNOW IT.
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
CEASE FIRE!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
WE GOT IT.
YOU SURE?
WHAT IS THAT? IT'S NOT BLOOD.
AHHHH! MY EYES! GET IT OFF! HELP!
WHAT IS IT? DO YOU HAVE AN EYELASH IN YOUR EYE?
I HATE THAT.
ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE WEARING THESE GOGGLES. YOU HAVE TO TAKE EVERYTHING OFF AND THEN THAT DEFEATS THE PURPOSE OF US ALL LOOKING ALIKE.


AEEEEEGGGH!
NOOOOOOOOO!

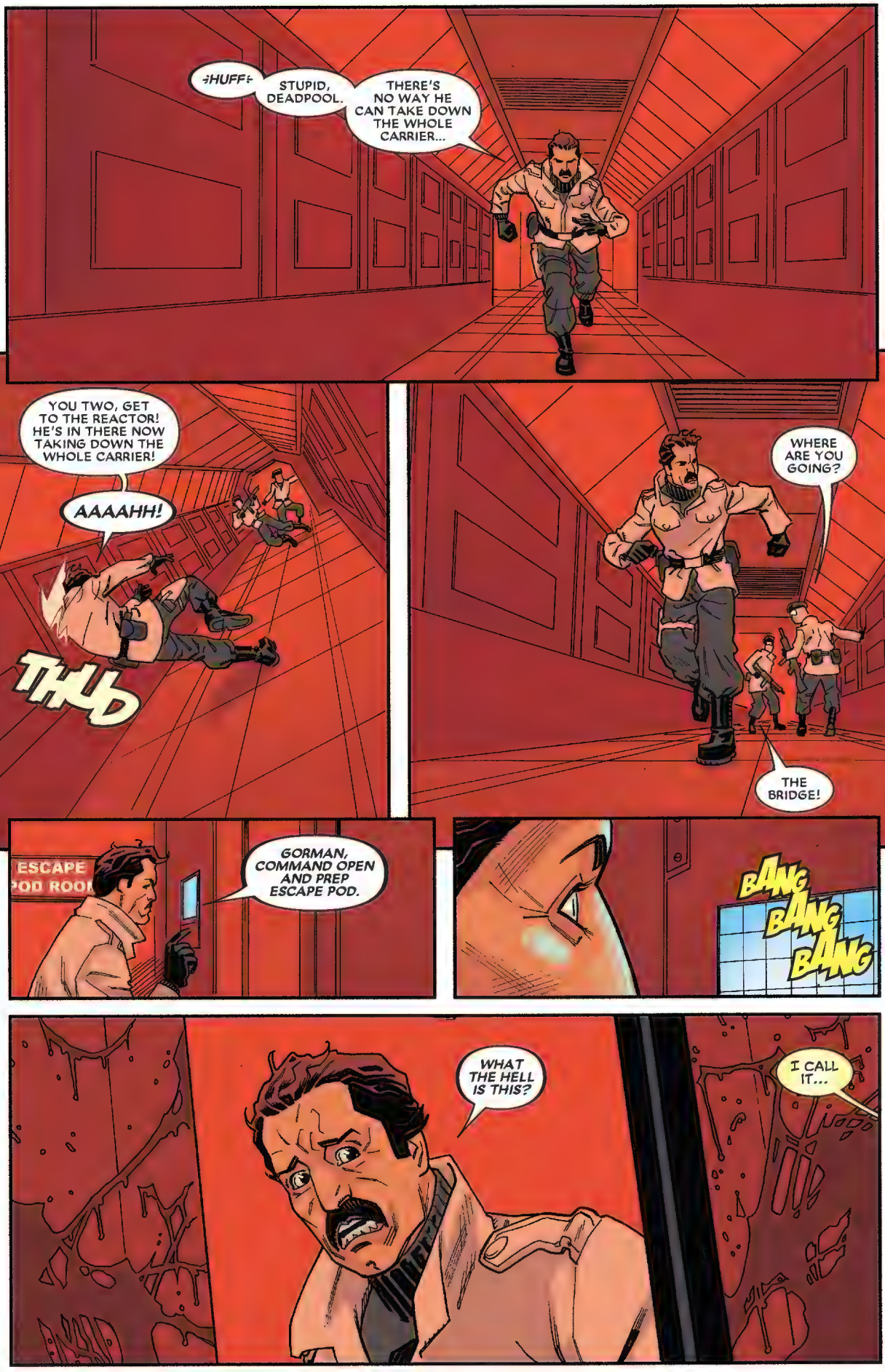
THIS IS DISGUSTING. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SHUT DOWN THEIR CLOAK. YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS.


GAME OVER, MAN!!!
WADE, LISTEN TO ME. EVER SINCE WE GOT BACK FROM NORTH KOREA YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF CONTROL WITH THE *VIOLENCE*.
YOU'RE MAKING ME REALLY *UNCOMFORTABLE*.


HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE THEY KILLED, PRESTON? HUNDREDS? THOUSANDS? HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS?
ACID
YOU'VE BEEN HANGING OUT WITH *THE PUNISHER* TOO MUCH.

ACCESS, GORMAN.
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
IT'S GORMAN, YOU IDIOTS!
SORRY, SIR.
WE'RE GUARDING THE REACTOR ROOM. IF DEADPOOL GETS IN THERE...
IF I DIDN'T NEED EVERY GUN POINTED AT DEADPOOL RIGHT NOW I'D MAKE YOU WALK A PLANK.
PING... PING
PINGPING PING PINGPING
WAIT, WHAT--WHAT IS THAT?
IT'S A MOTION TRACKER.
WE HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TRAINING WITH IT.
WOW, IT'S REALLY BEEPING A LOT.
MY MONEY!!!
WHERE'S MY MONEY?
MY PRECIOUS!
BRRAAP
BRRAP
AHH!

WE'RE ALL *DEAD* IF WE LET DEADPOOL COME THROUGH THAT DOOR AND GET TO THE REACTOR.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, DEADPOOL.
YOU USE ALL YOUR EXPLOSIVES TO BLAST *TWO HOLES* INTO THE ROOM, AND YOU STILL HACK INTO THE DOOR?
BOOP
ULTIMATUM WENT TO ALL THIS TROUBLE WITH THE FANCY DOOR, AND I WORKED HARD TO GET THE EYEBALL--WHY LET IT GO TO *WASTE*?
THE TRUTH IS, I'M JUST KEEPING MY LOCK-PICKING SKILLS SHARP.
EYE SCAN
NOW, LET'S *BREAK* THIS REACTOR...


HUFF
STUPID, DEADPOOL.
THERE'S NO WAY HE CAN TAKE DOWN THE WHOLE CARRIER...
YOU TWO, GET TO THE REACTOR! HE'S IN THERE NOW TAKING DOWN THE WHOLE CARRIER!
AAAAHH!
THUD
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
THE BRIDGE!
ESCAPE POD ROOM
GORMAN, COMMAND OPEN AND PREP ESCAPE POD.
BANG BANG BANG
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
I CALL IT...

THE ARISTOCRATS!
NOW-- WHERE'S MY MONEY, GORMAN?
I THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK.
HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE...

GET BACK!
BLAM BLAM
GIVE ME MY MONEY!
MONEY!
DING
I HOPE THIS JETPACK IS FUELED.
IT FEELS HEAVY ENOUGH...
BLAM BLAM BLAM
GORMAN TO BRIDGE!
MY MONEY TRANSFER WENT THROUGH, RIGHT?
WHAT? YES, BUT WHO CARES-- GET UP HERE, GORMAN. OUR CLOAK IS ABOUT TO FAIL, AND WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE!
YOU BET, I'M ON MY WAY!

MAYBE I BIT OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW WITH DEADPOOL...
BOOP
WE DON'T HAVE TO KILL HIM, WADE.
YEAH, WE DO.
DEADPOOL, WAIT! I HAVE MONEY.
I KNOW. I'LL TAKE IT FROM YOUR CORPSE.
STAY BACK! I HAVE A BOMB!
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU, SO BLOW IT.
WON'T SAVE YOU.
QUICK! STICK A SWORD IN THE WALL! HE'S GONNA TRY AND BLOW US OUT.
CLICK!
BOOM
OWW!
GIVE UP, GORMAN! IF YOU SURRENDER, I'LL KEEP DEADPOOL FROM KILLING YOU!
NO, YOU WON'T!
WAS THAT PRESTON? IS SHE REALLY INSIDE YOU?
SHUT UP, PRESTON. THERE'S NO REASON TO GIVE HIM A TACTICAL ADVANTAGE.
PRESTON'S DEAD. I LIED TO ADSIT TO GET HIS HELP.

HEH. THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
SEE? WE'RE A LOT ALIKE.
WE BOTH KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO DO HORRIBLE THINGS FOR GREAT PAYDAYS.
WHAT DO YOU SAY? CAN I BUY MY WAY OUT OF THIS?
NAH.
CAREFUL, THE SHIP IS ROCKING!
BLAM
UHN!
DID WE GET HIM?!
I HIT HIM, BUT NOT WHERE I WANTED TO--I WAS AIMING FOR HIS MUSTACHE.
BLAM BLAM
I DIDN'T SEE HIS JETPACK ACTIVATE, DID YOU?
COULD HAVE BEEN UNDER THE CLOUDS.
GET MOVING, WE GOTTA GET OFF THIS SHIP.

ARE WE REALLY DOWN TO JUST WATCHING THE SKY WITH BINOCULARS?
IT'S A STEALTH SHIP, ADSIT. GET LOOKING.
EVERYTHING IS IN PLACE FOR PRESTON'S TRANSFER. THE EGGHEADS THINK THEY HAVE A NEURAL NET LARGE ENOUGH FOR PRESTON'S MIND.
GOOD. ASK IF DR. STRANGE CAN BE THERE. I WANT BACKUP IN CASE THIS WHOLE THING GOES SIDEWAYS ON US.
OF COURSE, ALL OF THIS PLANNING WILL BE FOR NOTHING IF DEADPRESTON IS KILLED ON THAT SHIP.
I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.
I'LL BE DAMNED.
HEY GUYS, LOOK OVER HERE!
I'M FLYING!
THIS REMINDS ME, PRESTON IS GOING TO NEED A PSYCH EVALUATION AFTER THIS.
WAY AHEAD OF YOU. I ALREADY PUT ONE ON THE BOOKS.
I JUST FLEW IN FROM ULTIMATUM, AND BOY ARE MY ARMS TIRED--
FROM KILLING ALL OF THEM.
GIVE THEM THE BAD NEWS...TELL THEM ABOUT GORMAN ESCAPING.

PRESTON SAYS SHE *APOLOGIZES* FOR LETTING GORMAN GET AWAY.
YOU SON OF A BITCH...
I'LL HANDLE GORMAN. IF HE SURVIVED, HE'S WOUNDED, AND HAS NOWHERE TO GO.
GORMAN IS ONLY *PART* OF MY WORRY.
OUR BIG PROBLEM IS ULTIMATUM'S HELICARRIER.
I WOULDN'T *WORRY* ABOUT THAT...
IT'S MY JOB TO WORRY, DEADPOOL. I WORRY SO THE TAXPAYERS DON'T HAVE TO.
I NEEDED YOU TO *SIGNAL* US FROM THE CARRIER SO WE COULD TAKE IT OUT.
QUIT TORTURING PHIL.
YOU WANT A SIGNAL? FINE.
CLOSE YOUR EARS, AND OPEN YOUR MOUTHS...
I DON'T HEAR ANY--
AAH!

SKRA-BOOM!

I THINK I SPOTTED YOUR SIGNAL.

TA-DA!

ODIN'S BLOOD!

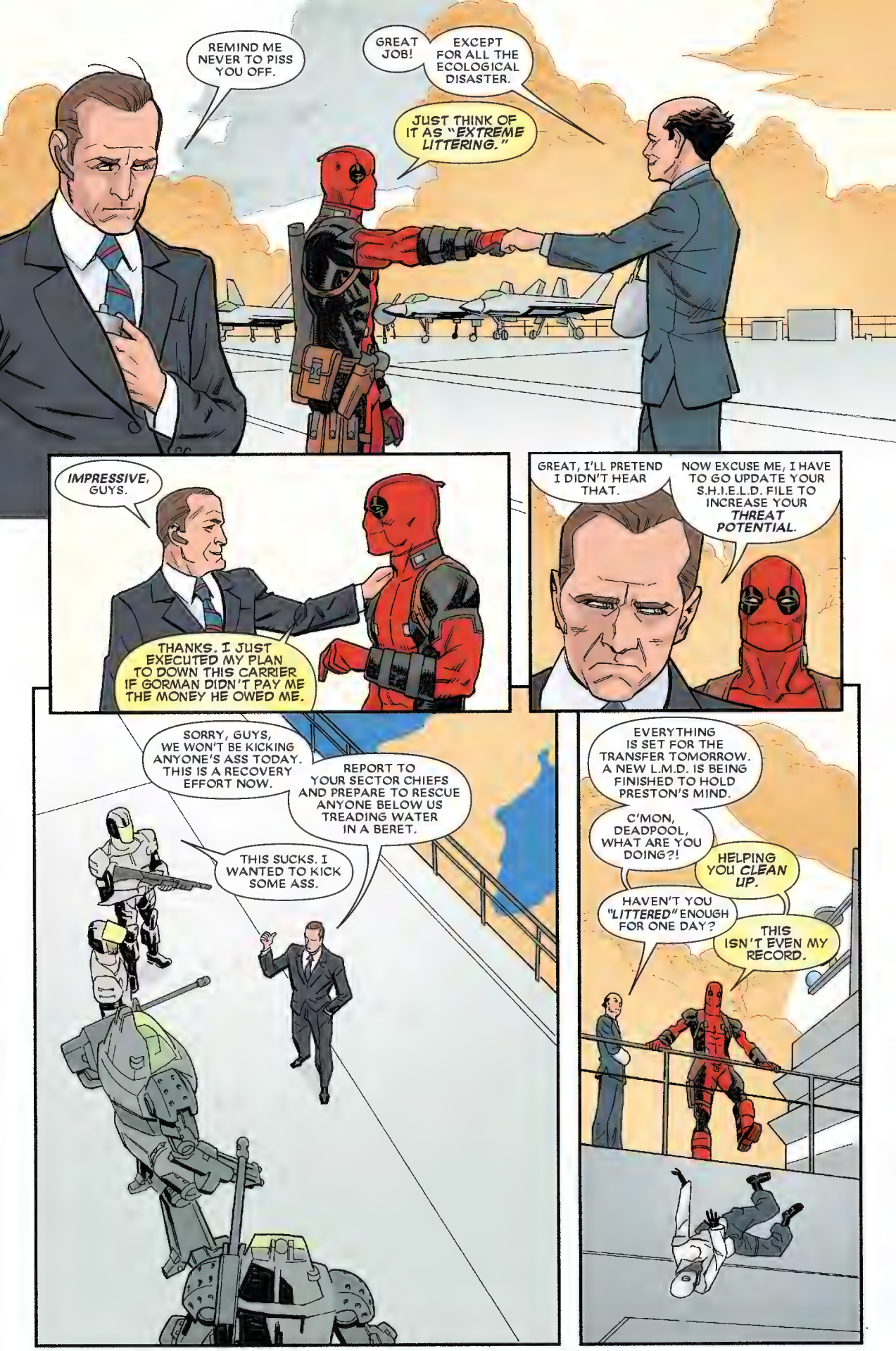
HONEY, I'M SORRY. *ALL IS LOST* HERE...I HAVE ALWAYS HOPED FOR MORE FOR YOU ALL... I WILL MISS YOU. I'M SORRY. YOU WERE RIGHT...

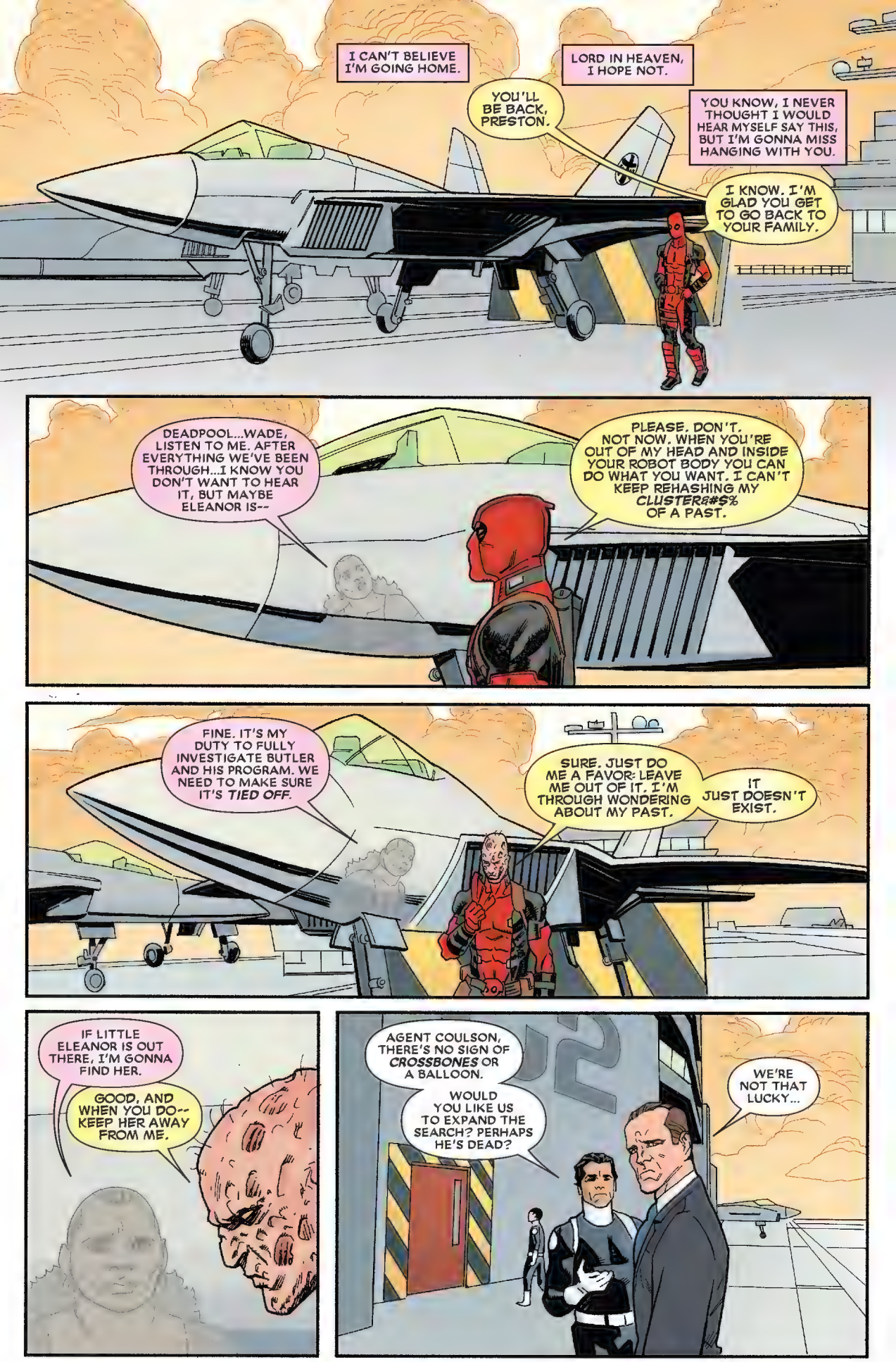
I SHOULD'VE TAKEN THE JOB WITH THE *CRUISE LINER*...

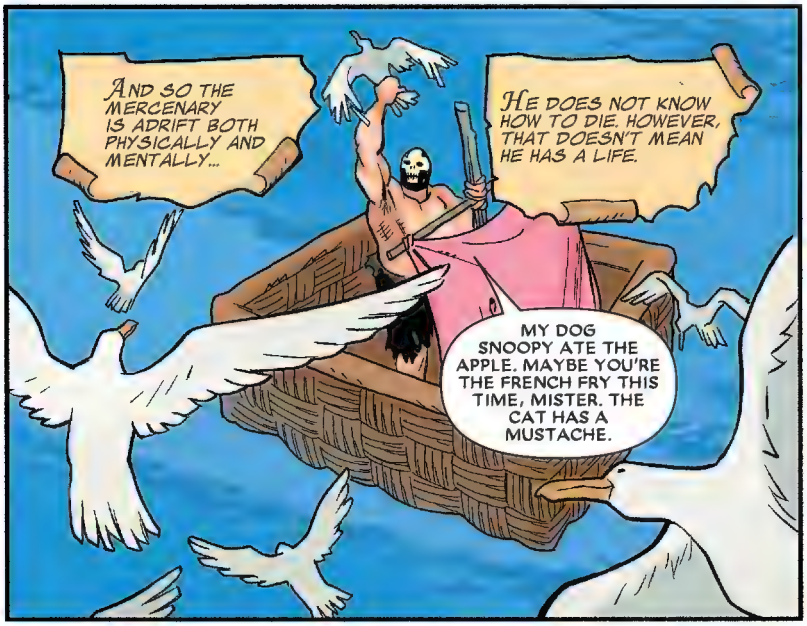
I'D LIKE TO THINK I COULD HAVE FOUND A MORE *ECOLOGICALLY SOUND* SOLUTION TO THAT PROBLEM.

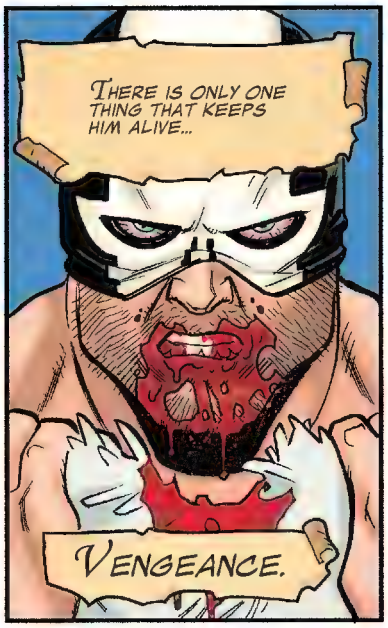
PLUS, NAMOR'S GONNA BE *PISSED*.

OOH, I HOPE HE DOESN'T RIDE A MANATEE OUT OF THAT GIANT TOILET BELOW AND FLUTTER HIS ANKLE WINGS *AGGRESSIVELY* AT US.


REMIND ME NEVER TO PISS YOU OFF.
GREAT JOB!
EXCEPT FOR ALL THE ECOLOGICAL DISASTER.
JUST THINK OF IT AS "EXTREME LITTERING."
IMPRESSIVE, GUYS.
THANKS. I JUST EXECUTED MY PLAN TO DOWN THIS CARRIER IF GORMAN DIDN'T PAY ME THE MONEY HE OWED ME.
GREAT, I'LL PRETEND I DIDN'T HEAR THAT.
NOW EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO GO UPDATE YOUR S.H.I.E.L.D. FILE TO INCREASE YOUR THREAT POTENTIAL.
SORRY, GUYS, WE WON'T BE KICKING ANYONE'S ASS TODAY. THIS IS A RECOVERY EFFORT NOW.
REPORT TO YOUR SECTOR CHIEFS AND PREPARE TO RESCUE ANYONE BELOW US TREADING WATER IN A BERET.
THIS SUCKS. I WANTED TO KICK SOME ASS.
EVERYTHING IS SET FOR THE TRANSFER TOMORROW. A NEW L.M.D. IS BEING FINISHED TO HOLD PRESTON'S MIND.
C'MON, DEADPOOL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
HELPING YOU CLEAN UP.
HAVEN'T YOU "LITTERED" ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY?
THIS ISN'T EVEN MY RECORD.


I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M GOING HOME.
LORD IN HEAVEN, I HOPE NOT.
YOU'LL BE BACK, PRESTON.
YOU KNOW, I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD HEAR MYSELF SAY THIS, BUT I'M GONNA MISS HANGING WITH YOU.
I KNOW. I'M GLAD YOU GET TO GO BACK TO YOUR FAMILY.
DEADPOOL...WADE, LISTEN TO ME. AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH...I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT, BUT MAYBE ELEANOR IS--
PLEASE, DON'T. NOT NOW. WHEN YOU'RE OUT OF MY HEAD AND INSIDE YOUR ROBOT BODY YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT. I CAN'T KEEP REHASHING MY *CLUSTER&#$%* OF A PAST.
FINE. IT'S MY DUTY TO FULLY INVESTIGATE BUTLER AND HIS PROGRAM. WE NEED TO MAKE SURE IT'S *TIED OFF.*
SURE. JUST DO ME A FAVOR: LEAVE ME OUT OF IT. I'M THROUGH WONDERING ABOUT MY PAST.
IT JUST DOESN'T EXIST.
IF LITTLE ELEANOR IS OUT THERE, I'M GONNA FIND HER.
GOOD, AND WHEN YOU DO-- KEEP HER AWAY FROM ME.
AGENT COULSON, THERE'S NO SIGN OF *CROSSBONES* OR A BALLOON.
WOULD YOU LIKE US TO EXPAND THE SEARCH? PERHAPS HE'S DEAD?
WE'RE NOT THAT LUCKY...

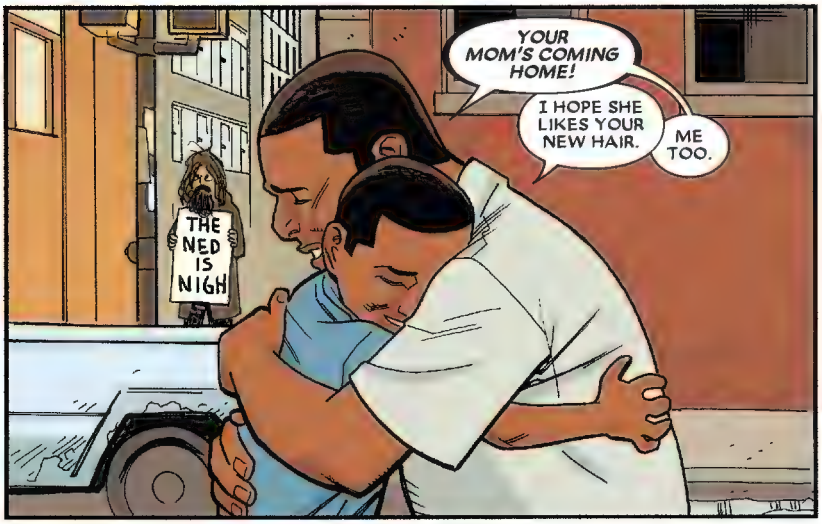

AND SO THE MERCENARY IS ADRIFT BOTH PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY...
HE DOES NOT KNOW HOW TO DIE. HOWEVER, THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE HAS A LIFE.
MY DOG SNOOPY ATE THE APPLE. MAYBE YOU'RE THE FRENCH FRY THIS TIME, MISTER. THE CAT HAS A MUSTACHE.


THERE IS ONLY ONE THING THAT KEEPS HIM ALIVE...
VENGEANCE.

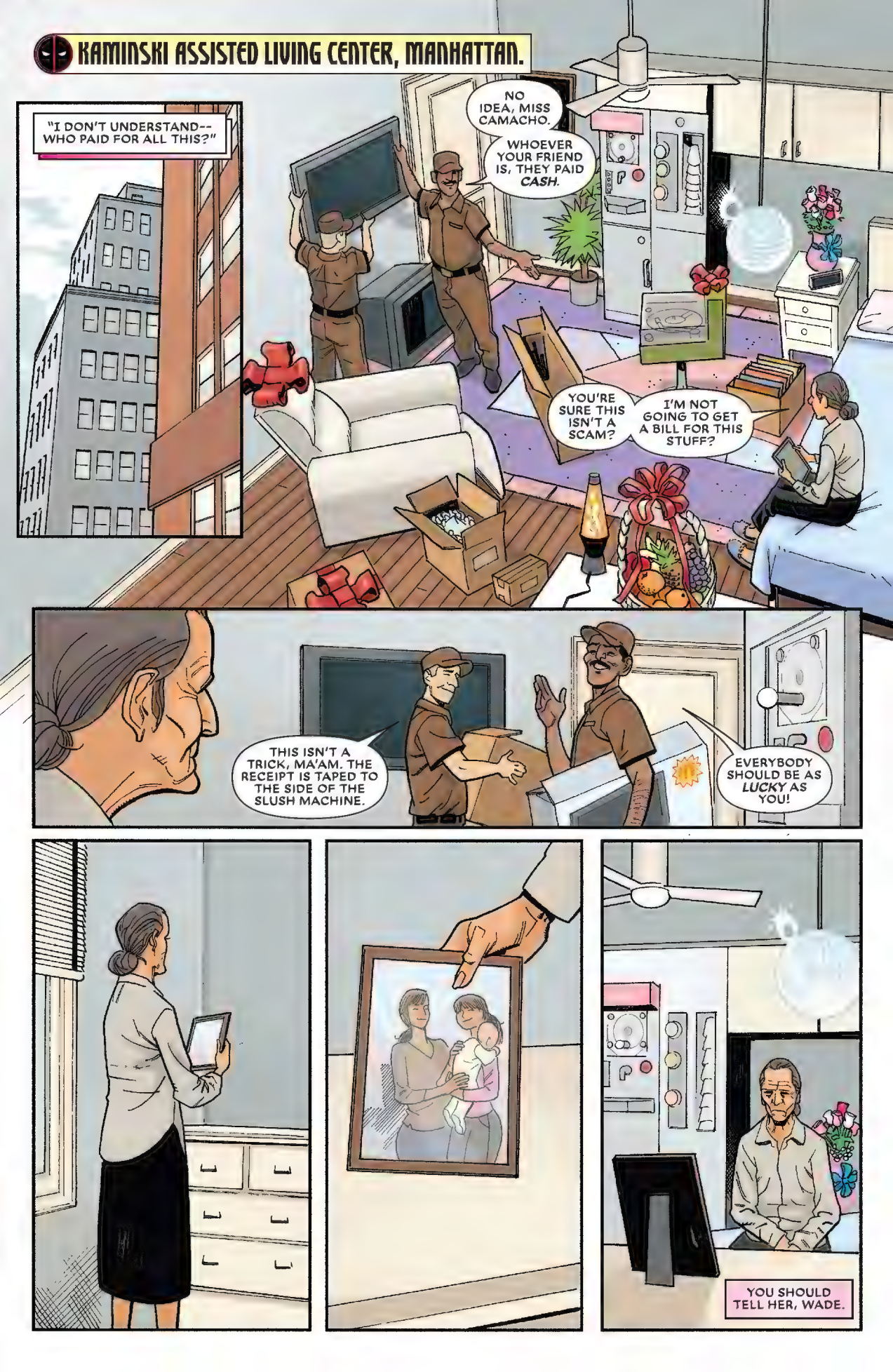
MAN, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE *RAFT STUFF* HAS TO DO WITH ANY OF THIS BOOK.
OH THAT'S SO GREAT, THANKS! THANK YOU FOR CALLING!

TERRY JUNIOR, THAT WAS MOM'S OFFICE...
S.H.I.E.L.D.
SHUSH. WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SAY THAT.

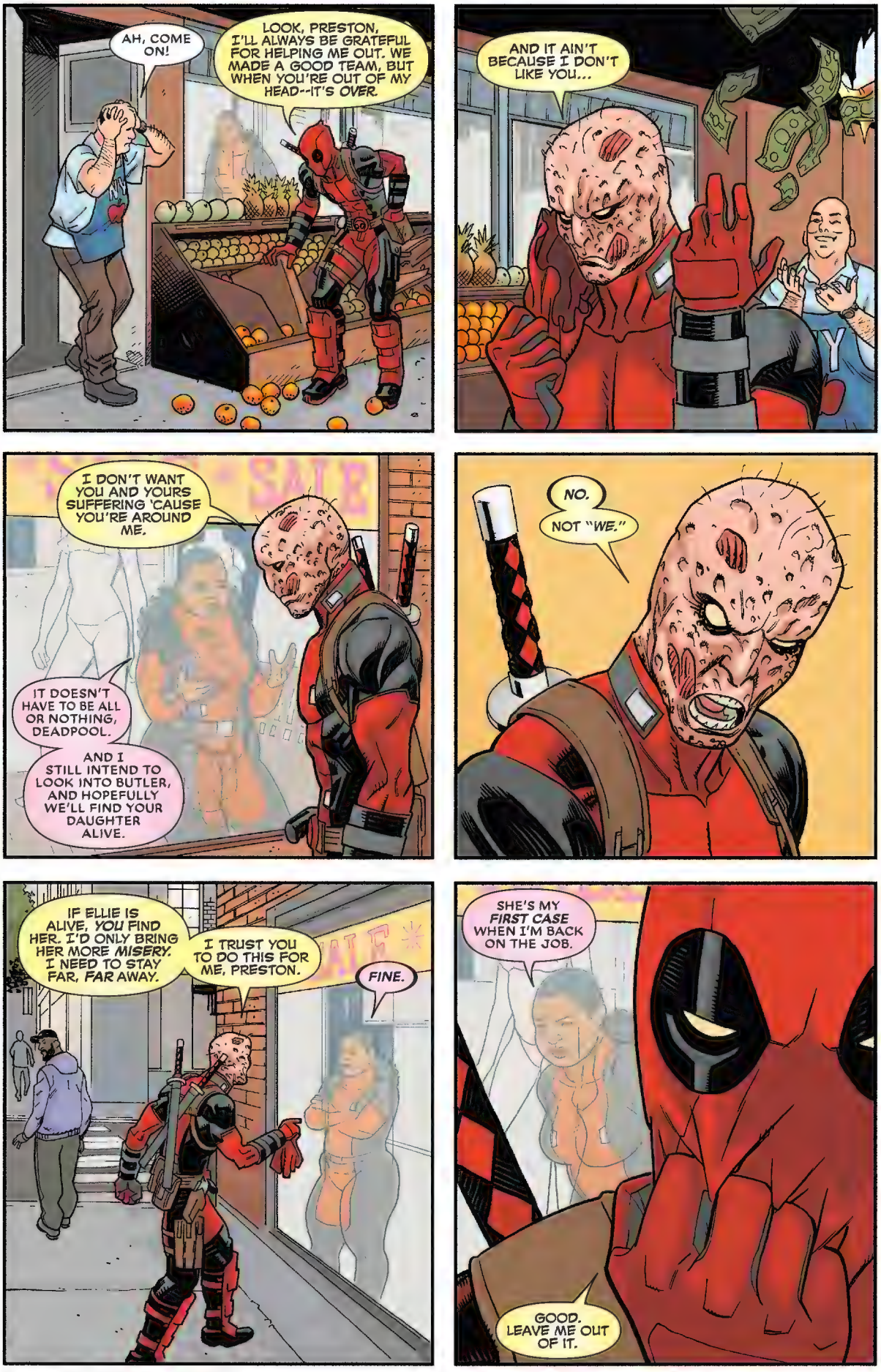
CAN DEADPOOL COME OVER AGAIN SOON? I MISS MOM.
THAT'S WHAT I CAME TO TELL YOU! THEY'RE GETTING HER OUT OF THAT NUTTY WACKADOO!


THE NED IS NIGH
YOUR MOM'S COMING HOME!
I HOPE SHE LIKES YOUR NEW HAIR.
ME TOO.

DEADPOOL VS. S.H.I.E.L.D. PART FOUR


KAMINSKI ASSISTED LIVING CENTER, MANHATTAN.
"I DON'T UNDERSTAND-- WHO PAID FOR ALL THIS?"
NO IDEA, MISS CAMACHO.
WHOEVER YOUR FRIEND IS, THEY PAID *CASH*.
YOU'RE SURE THIS ISN'T A SCAM?
I'M NOT GOING TO GET A BILL FOR THIS STUFF?
THIS ISN'T A TRICK, MA'AM. THE RECEIPT IS TAPED TO THE SIDE OF THE SLUSH MACHINE.
EVERYBODY SHOULD BE AS *LUCKY* AS YOU!
YOU SHOULD TELL HER, WADE.

SHE DESERVES TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HER DAUGHTER AND GRANDDAUGHTER.
I AGREE. BUT IT CAN'T COME FROM ME. I CAUSED THAT WOMAN SO MUCH HEARTACHE...I'D RATHER FIGHT WOLVERINE THAN TRY TO APOLOGIZE TO THAT WOMAN.
I THINK SHE'D TAKE IT BETTER FROM YOU ONCE WE GET YOU OUT OF MY HEAD AND INTO YOUR TERRIFYING ROBOT BODY.
SPEAKING OF, LET'S NOT BE LATE...BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT.
UH-OH. MY "UNCOMFORTABLE CHAT SENSE" IS TINGLING.
FIRST--I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU BEING ALONE. I THINK YOU NEED SOMEONE TO TALK TO.
I GOT PLENTY OF PEOPLE TO TALK TO.
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN, AND YOU KNOW IT. AFTER NORTH KOREA, YOU OUGHT TO BE IN THERAPY SEVEN DAYS A WEEK.
I APPRECIATE IT, PRESTON, BUT I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.
SKRRTHUD

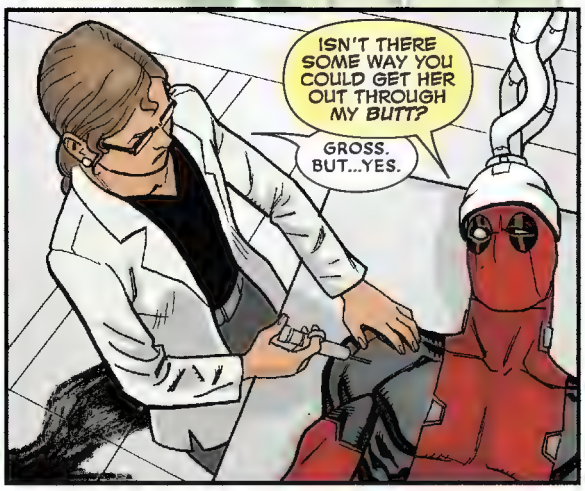

AH, COME ON!
LOOK, PRESTON, I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL FOR HELPING ME OUT. WE MADE A GOOD TEAM, BUT WHEN YOU'RE OUT OF MY HEAD--IT'S OVER.
AND IT AIN'T BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE YOU...
I DON'T WANT YOU AND YOURS SUFFERING 'CAUSE YOU'RE AROUND ME.
IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE ALL OR NOTHING, DEADPOOL.
AND I STILL INTEND TO LOOK INTO BUTLER, AND HOPEFULLY WE'LL FIND YOUR DAUGHTER ALIVE.
NO.
NOT "WE."
IF ELLIE IS ALIVE, YOU FIND HER. I'D ONLY BRING HER MORE MISERY. I NEED TO STAY FAR, FAR AWAY.
I TRUST YOU TO DO THIS FOR ME, PRESTON.
FINE.
SHE'S MY FIRST CASE WHEN I'M BACK ON THE JOB.
GOOD. LEAVE ME OUT OF IT.

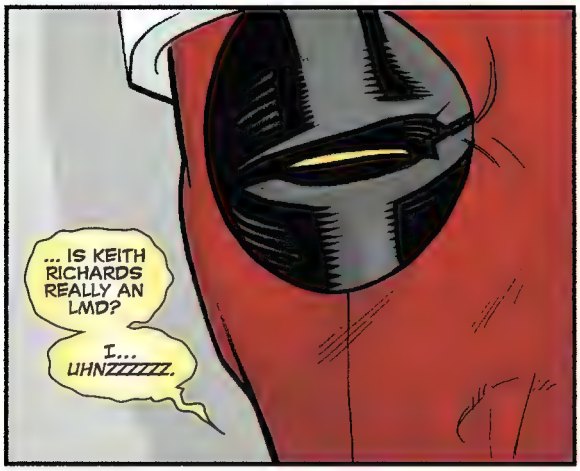
A LITTLE WHILE LATER
AT A SECRET S.H.I.E.L.D. FACILITY BENEATH GILL'S THRILLS LINGERIE.
YOU'RE LATE.
I COULDN'T FIND THE RIGHT SUIT.
PRESTON IS GETTING A FREE ROBOT BODY, I WANT SOMETHING, TOO.
I BET YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I ASKED YOU ALL HERE.
LIE DOWN, LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD.
HI, MOM!
HEY, MAN. OH, AND UH-- WOMAN.
HI, MICHAEL. YOU LOOK BETTER.
YEAH, I'M ON SOME HERBAL THERAPIES TO CONTROL MY MOODS AFTER YOU KNOW, THE, LIKE, UNPLEASANTNESS.
ONCE THE TRANSFER BEGINS, NOTHING CAN INTERRUPT IT. WE'VE IDENTIFIED PRESTON'S BRAIN WAVES AND WILL BE DRAWING HER OUT AND LOADING HER INTO THE LIFE MODEL DECOY'S SYSTEM PROFILE.
IS THAT SAFE?
SURE. IT'S THE SAME THING WE DO FOR KEITH RICHARDS WHENEVER HE DIES.
UH. WAIT.

HURR.

CALM DOWN.

AND THANK YOU FOR DOING THIS.
YEAH. S'OKAY.


ISN'T THERE SOME WAY YOU COULD GET HER OUT THROUGH MY BUTT?
GROSS. BUT...YES.


... IS KEITH RICHARDS REALLY AN LMD?
I... UHNZZZZZZ.

IS--?
SINCE TATTOO YOU.
WAS IT REALLY NECESSARY TO SEDATE DEADPOOL?
THAT WAS FOR ME. I HAVE A NEW YORKER TO READ.

HEY, LOOK AT ALL THESE NEW *FUN* MEMORIES.

DON'T GET MUSHY ON ME *NOW*, PRESTON. IF YOU TELL ME YOU LOVE ME, THE FLOOR IS GOING TO OPEN UP AND I'LL GO INTO *CARBONITE FREEZE*.

INTERESTING THING ABOUT THIS PAINTING: THE ARTIST WAS PAINTING HIS *DAUGHTER*.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU, PRESTON?

THAT I *DON'T* THINK ABOUT HER?

THE TRUTH IS: I THINK ABOUT HER ALL THE TIME, AND YOU KNOW WHAT I HOPE? I HOPE SHE LIVES A LONG, HAPPY LIFE AND SHE NEVER FINDS OUT WHO HER FATHER IS.

DEAD POOL #24

YO, BOSS, IT'S GETTING *HOT*.

PERMISSION TO TAKE THIS LEAF OFF?

NO.

ANY IDEA--?

NO.

WAIT! DON'T OPEN IT!

CALM DOWN. I BET THIS IS JUST THE PART OF MY BRAIN WHERE I THINK OF *THE HUMAN TORCH* OR SOMETHING.

HMM.

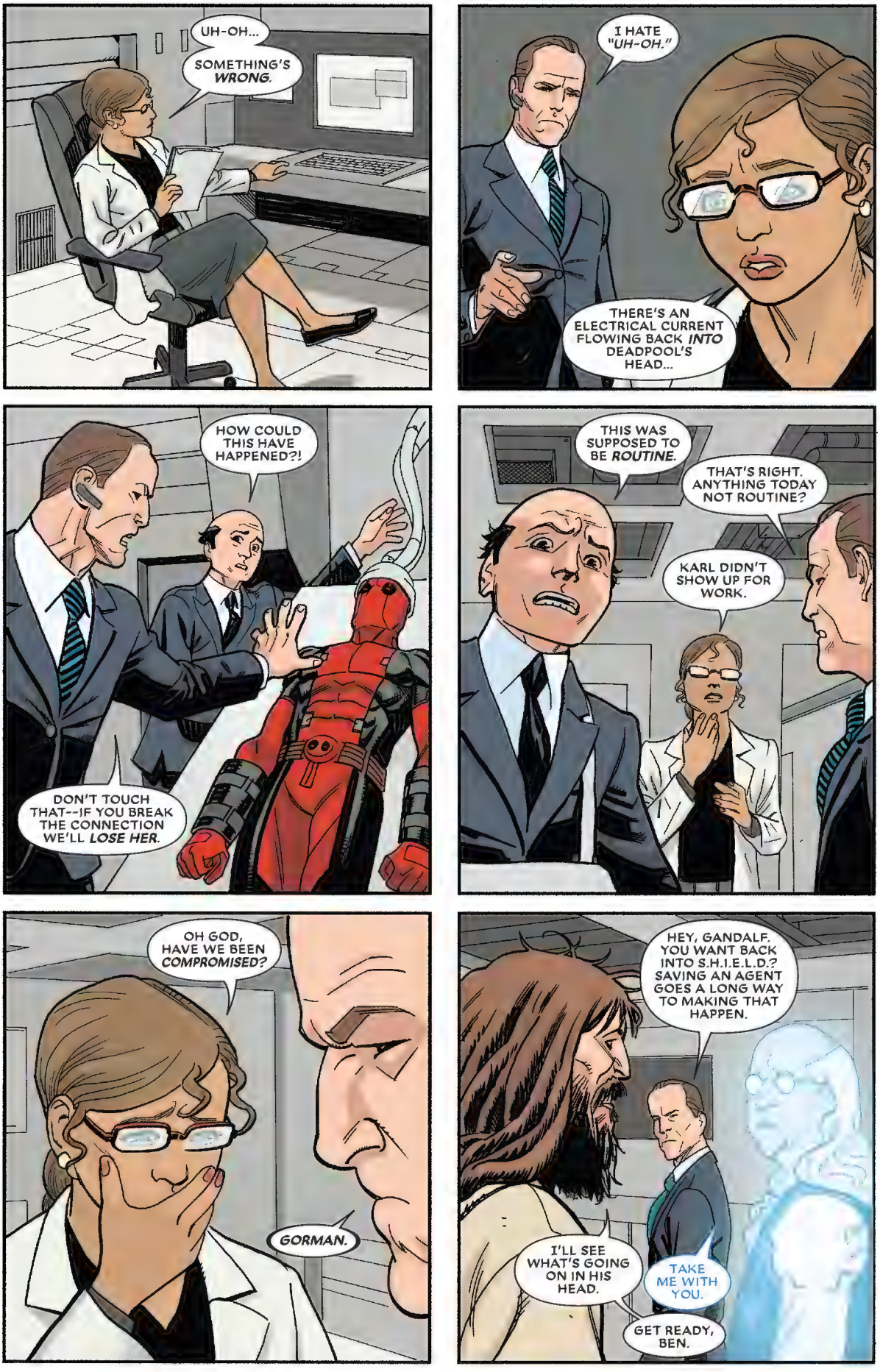
IT'S A LITTLE *ON THE NOSE*, I ADMIT, BUT I THINK THIS INSTALLATION SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT ME.

DO WE HAVE A *PROBLEM?*

NAH, THE *SPRINKLERS* WILL KICK IN.

CONFETTI?

BOY, THIS PLACE IS *NOT* UP TO CODE.


UH-OH...
SOMETHING'S *WRONG.*
I HATE "*UH-OH.*"
THERE'S AN ELECTRICAL CURRENT FLOWING BACK *INTO* DEADPOOL'S HEAD...
HOW COULD THIS HAVE HAPPENED?!
DON'T TOUCH THAT--IF YOU BREAK THE CONNECTION WE'LL *LOSE HER.*
THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE *ROUTINE.*
THAT'S RIGHT. ANYTHING TODAY NOT ROUTINE?
KARL DIDN'T SHOW UP FOR WORK.
OH GOD, HAVE WE BEEN *COMPROMISED?*
GORMAN.
HEY, GANDALF. YOU WANT BACK INTO S.H.I.E.L.D.? SAVING AN AGENT GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKING THAT HAPPEN.
I'LL SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN HIS HEAD.
TAKE ME WITH YOU.
GET READY, BEN.

GOTTA KEEP NEW YORK CITY CLEAN!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS PIECE OF EQUIPMENT DID, BUT IT HAD A LOT OF STUFF PLUGGED INTO IT.
IF I'M LUCKY THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.
THANKS, KARL!
KARL
I'D HATE TO BE INSIDE THAT FREAK'S HEAD RIGHT NOW.

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON OUT THERE?!
COULSON THINKS GORMAN, LIKE...*SABOTAGED* EVERYTHING, MAN.
I'M GOING TO KILL HIM!!!
I DON'T BELIEVE THAT IS OUR ONLY PROBLEM...
THIS WAY, MA'AM!
WE'RE *EVACUATING* WOMEN FIRST.
LET GO!
DON'T YOU HAVE ANOTHER *ICEBERG* TO DRIVE INTO?
PRESTON COMES WITH ME.
WHUD
GET THIS SEA MAN OFF OF ME!
NOT COOL, MAN!
FWOSH
LOOKS LIKE I WON'T *BE HEADING* INTO THE NEXT CHAPTER.
STAY.
HEY!!!
AEEEEEEE!!!
WE HAVE TO MOVE.
EXIT
WE'LL COVER YOU. GET HER *OUT.*
I DON'T FEEL RIGHT.
IF THE SABOTAGE CANNOT BE UNDONE, CAN PRESTON BE PLACED IN ANOTHER VESSEL?
DEADPOOL! AGENT PRESTON! THIS WAY!

STRANGE!
LET US GO, BRO!
I SAID I WOULD NOT ABANDON YOU, AND I MEANT WHAT I SAID.
DEADPOOL, YOU MUST LET GO OF AGENT PRESTON. TIME IS SHORT.
SPEAKING OF "SHORT"-- POCKETPOOL!
YEAAAAAAAH!
NEED A GUN...
SORRY, YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO SEE HIM.
BRRAAAP
DEADPOOL, LISTEN TO ME!
I'M HOLDING THE BRIDGE OPEN BETWEEN YOUR BRAIN AND S.H.I.E.L.D.'S LMD, BUT I CANNOT MAINTAIN THE CONNECTION INDEFINITELY.
THESE AVATARS OF YOURSELF DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE SABOTAGE-- THEY ARE YOUR DOING.
AND ONLY YOU CAN CALL THEM OFF. I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE, I KNOW YOU'RE SCARED, WADE.
I DON'T WANT THIS TO BE HAPPENING. I'M JUST...
BUZZZZZZZ
WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE.
THROUGH HERE!
WADE, I CANNOT RIP PRESTON FROM YOUR MIND. YOU MUST ALLOW HER TO LEAVE.

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO I WHISPERED TO YOU THAT YOUR MIND WAS BEING TAMPERED WITH, BUT I HAD NO IDEA THE DEPTH, OR CRUELTY OF THAT INTERFERENCE.
IT SET ME ON THE PATH TO FREEING MYSELF.
I COULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT WITHOUT PRESTON.
AND I AM *GLAD* FOR THAT, BUT WADE, THE PART OF YOU THAT DOESN'T WANT TO LET GO OF PRESTON MUST DO SO NOW, OR WE RISK LOSING HER *FOREVER*.
DEADPOOL, I CAN ONLY MAINTAIN PRESTON'S BRIDGE OUT FOR A FEW MORE MOMENTS.
-GASP-
DAMMIT.
REMEMBER: YOU ARE *STRONGER* RIGHT NOW THAN YOU KNOW. *DO YOU UNDERSTAND?*
YES.
DAMN RIGHT.

SHHKT
THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS.
I JUST NEED TO HURT MYSELF.
ZZARK
RAAAAAAAARGH!!!
CRASH
HANG ON!

THIS LOOKS LIKE MY HOUSE.
IT'S THE WAY OUT.
GO.
THANK YOU, WADE.
HER TRANSFER IS ONLY AT 98.9.
IS THAT ENOUGH?
NO.
I'LL SEE YOU SOON.
NO, YOU WON'T.
WAIT!!!

LET ME GIVE YOU A *HAND*.
YOU'RE GOING TO NEED THIS.
WHO ARE YOU?

YOU'RE WHOLE, PRESTON. *GO*.
HEY! I'M TALKING TO YOU.
WHO ARE YOU?

LIKE EVERYONE ELSE HERE, I'M A PART OF YOU.
WHICH PART IS THAT?
ONE YOU HAVEN'T MET YET.

THERE ARE *WORSE VERSIONS* OF US TO MEET. TRUST ME, I KNOW THEM ALL.
BE SEEING YOU.

LET'S DO *YOUR* HEAD NEXT TIME.
PRESTON, WAIT--I'VE SEEN THIS LIGHT BEFORE... WHAT IF YOU'RE NOT GOING HOME?

LATER THAT NIGHT.
NEVER TOOK DEADPOOL TO BE THE KIND OF GUY TO RUN FROM SOMETHING.
THIS WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM.
I AGREE WITH MICHAEL. YOU CANNOT BLAME HIM FOR LEAVING. HE'S LOST SO MUCH.
IT'S BEEN *HOURS*. IS MOM GONNA *WAKE UP?*
I DON'T KNOW, SON.
ISN'T THERE *SOMETHING* YOU CAN DO?
YES...
YES, I CAN *REBOOT* THE LMD.
I HATE TO SAY THIS...
DUNNNNNNNN
...MAYBE IT'S TIME WE *PULLED THE PLUG*.
YOU ALWAYS GAVE UP *TOO EASILY*.
EMILY?

PRESTON?
I'M ALIVE!!!
WHERE ARE MY BOYS?
WELCOME BACK, BABY!
I'LL BE DAMNED.
MOM! I LOVE YOU!
WELCOME BACK!
OH MY GOD, THIS BODY--IT'S AMAZING. I'M CRYING!
ACTUALLY, YOUR BRAIN JUST THINKS YOU'RE CRYING, AND DON'T CRY FOR LONG BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE A BIG SALINE RESERVOIR.
FWAP
OW!
I GOT YOUR OFFICE.
WHAT?
DON'T BE MAD, YOU WERE DEAD.
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS. IT'S A MIRACLE.

HOW COULD THE COMPANY GIVE AWAY MY OFFICE? THAT'S THE REASON I TOLD ADSIT TO TELL YOU I WAS ALIVE.
I'M SURE THERE'S A *FORM* YOU CAN FILL OUT TO GET IT BACK.
YOU BETTER NOT HAVE ANYTHING TO TELL ME, DO YOU?
NO. C'MON. YOU KNOW ME, BABY. I LOVE YOU! ALWAYS HAVE.
...AND WHO'S AFRAID OF A ROBOT BODY, ANYWAY?
HEY! WHERE'S DEADPOOL?
HE HAD TO GO. HE SAID IT WAS SUPER-IMPORTANT AVENGERS BUSINESS.
I THINK HE WAS *EMBARRASSED* THAT HE MAY HAVE HARMED YOU IN ANY WAY.
DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY THAT HE'S NOT HERE. YOU KNOW, HE JUST LIKE, HAS TO WORK THIS OUT *BY HIMSELF.*
THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF. I'M WORRIED ABOUT DEADPOOL BEING ALONE. LIKE *ALONE*-ALONE.
HE'LL BE *FINE,* RIGHT?

MEANWHILE AT KP ANDERSON'S OLDE TYME SALOON...
TIPPING BRINGS GOOD KARMA
MAYBE I'LL EVEN *LIKE* BEING ALONE.
NAH, YOU WON'T!
BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING RID OF ME THAT EASY!
PRESTON! YOU'RE STILL HERE! I'M SORRY THE TRANSFER DIDN'T WORK, BUT I'M GLAD YOU'RE NOT *DEAD!*
L'CHAIM!
MAYBE I *BELONG* IN YOUR HEAD. LET'S GO EAT OR KILL SOMETHING. THAT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.
HASN'T THERE BEEN *ENOUGH VIOLENCE* IN OUR LIVES LATELY?
UH--*EVIDENTLY NOT.*

DEADPOOL VS. S.H.I.E.L.D. PART FIVE

...THEN I HALLUCINATED I WAS THE RED BARON.
WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT MEANS?
THIS ISN'T HOW I THOUGHT WE'D SPEND THE DAY.
I DUNNO, MAN. DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL YOU.
IS THE NORTH KOREA STORY YOU TOLD ME TRUE?
OH, YES. I LEFT A FEW DETAILS OUT, BUT IT'S ALL TRUE.
RESTROOMS
DAMN THEM.
WAY AHEAD OF YOU.
CHOK
WELL...?
SHALL WE?
LET'S.
CHOK
AND NOW ANOTHER BY THE SMITHS!

KILL HIM! PUNCH HIM IN HIS DUMB SKULL FACE!
IF WHAT YOU SAID IS TRUE, THE GUY THAT PUT OUT YOUR CONTRACT WON'T BE PAYING UP, BUT...
OKAY, NO MORE SMITHS!
I HAVE PRINCIPLES!
KRAH!
OOOH. DAMN.
YOU PUT ME IN A BALLOON THAT BECAME A RAFT AND THEN I HAD TO EAT SEAGULLS AND TRASH. I MUST KILL YOU.
CROSSBONES, NOT LONG AGO... FIGHTING YOU WOULD BE FUN FOR ME.
BUT NOT ANYMORE. I WANT TO BE AL- AAAARGH!

HE'S GONNA KILL YOU.
MAYBE I SHOULD LET HIM...
...JUST CLOSE MY EYES AND LET THIS WORLD FINISH THE JOB.
TSSSS
OW-YEAAAAH!
HEY, PRESTON, THIS IS WHEN YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SAY, "KEEP FIGHTING!"
YOU KNOW WHAT?
TSSSS
MMPH
'KAY, FINE.
THIS DEATH AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH.

AAAAAAEEEGH!
FLAME-GRILLED WIENERS! GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT!
FWOOOSH
WOW.
I GUESS ALL PANTS ARE RIP-AWAY WHEN YOU'RE AS STRONG AS YOU.
LET ME PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY.
I'LL CUT YOU TO PIECES AND PUT YOU INTO A VAT OF ACID.
AND THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE WOMEN AND CHILDREN HURT BECAUSE OF YOU.
IT'S A TEMPTING OFFER. HONEST. BUT...I STILL HOPE I CAN FIND...
NEVER MIND. BACK TO OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMMING.
LOOK OUT, WIENERS ARE MY SPINACH!
DO-DO-DO-DO-DO-DO-DOO-DOO
I'M DEADPOOL THE MERC WIT' THA--
HAVE IT YOUR WAY.

EVER WATCH DAREDEVIL FIGHT? HE KNOWS EXACTLY WHERE TO STRIKE.
SHAKK
AH!
POK
URK.
NIGHT-NIGHT!
RRAAARGH!
SPLAK
UHN.
IS CROSSBONES RIGHT? WILL THERE BE MORE CARMELITAS?
OR...HAVE THERE BEEN OTHERS I DON'T KNOW ABOUT?
WHEEE--
I JUST REMEMBERED-- MY CAR! IF ANYONE SO MUCH AS TOUCHED IT, I'LL KILL THEM, TOO.
OOF!
÷GASP÷
HONK-HONK
OH, CRAP!

SKLAPLOOSH
SKRUNCH
GHK
FINALLY, MY LUCK IS TURNING AROUND. TWO IDIOT BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.
YOU'RE A HACK, CROSSBONES.
IF YOU HAD KILLED DEADPOOL WHEN YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO, I WOULD STILL HAVE A LIFE.
KERACK
NOW I'M ABOUT TO GO ON THE LAM FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!
NYC TAXI
BUT AT LEAST I GET TO KILL DEADPOOL MYSELF!
BAKOOM
BYE, DEADPOOL!
WHERE THE HELL DID HE GO?
NYC TAXI
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
WHAT'S THAT BEEPING?

BEEP
SKREASHK
AEEEEEE!!
PRESTON CONVINCED ME NOT TO TAKE OUT GORMAN LAST TIME. SHE WON'T STOP ME AGAIN.
NYC TAXI
KILL HIM! TIME TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH!
I'M GLAD PRESTON IS COMING AROUND TO MY WAY OF THINKING...
MY LEGS...
CROSSBONES, KILL DEADPOOL!
I'M ABOUT TO, FOR MYSELF.
I HAVE MONEY.
SO DO WE.
MONEY! I'LL GIVE YOU BOTH MONEY.
WE'RE GETTING SOMETHING MONEY CAN'T BUY...
SATISFACTION.
IN YOU GO!
YEAOW!
I LOVE GARBAGE TRUCKS.
THEY WERE MY FAVORITE AS A KID, TOO.
KRAAK-
BWOOOM-
SKKLUNCH

DEADPOOL, WAIT! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I TOLD U.L.T.I.M.A.T.U.M.! THEY KNOW-- AAAAUGH!
DAMMIT. KILLING HIM WAS STUPID. I'M NOT THINKING CLEARLY.
MY ARMS--MY EVERYTHING!
AEEEEEEE!!!!
WHAT WAS HE SAYING?
I BELIEVE HE WAS WALLOWING IN THE BARGAINING PHASE OF DEATH.
YES! YES! YES! NOW KILL CROSSBONES!
WELL, THIS HAS BEEN FUN.
MAYBE I'M GETTING OLDER, BUT I'M NOT HAVING FUN.
WALK AWAY NOW, AND IT'S ALL BLOOD UNDER THE BRIDGE.
NO THANKS.
YOU'LL REGRET THAT--
--AND IT WILL BE THE LAST THING YOU DO.
KLUDD
WHUFF!

BAD NEWS: I GOT A SECOND WIND! HERE WE GO!
UFF!
WHAM
GASP
ARE THE COPS ON STRIKE?
SHUT UP.
SLAM
NNNG.
CHACK
AH-AARG!
SPLACK
YEAAAA-NNG.
BOK
OW!
ANY LAST WORDS?
YES, YOU LOOK LIKE AN ABERCROMBIE GREETER AT HALLOWEEN.
RING RING
RING RING
SERIOUSLY?

GAAAH!
YAAA-OW!
YIP!
YOU COULDA KILLED US.
IF YOU HOBOS ARE GONNA LIE IN THE GUTTER, GET OUT OF THE BIKE LANE!
RRR-YAH!
YAP YAP!
HOLD THAT THOUGHT, CROSSBONES...
GRR
WUFF
ALSO, HOLD THIS RAT DOG.
YOU DON'T THROW A DOG!
KLONK

WHAT THE %#$&, DUDE?
POP
BAD ENOUGH YOU FLIP ME OFF MY BIKE BUT THEN YOU--GAH!
GET ON THE BIKE.
I AIN'T MOVING FROM THIS SPOT UNTIL THE COPS SHOW UP.
I GOTTA A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
NOT ONLY ARE YOU LEAVING THIS SPOT--
AROOO
BUT YOU'RE FLYING!
OH MY GAWD!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TRUSTED THE BALLOON TO FINISH ME OFF. YOU SHOULD HAVE KILLED ME WHEN I WAS OUT.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I DIDN'T WANT YOU DEAD.
BUT TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

AND NOW I'VE WARMED UP TO THE IDEA.
GKKK.
SKROCK
NOTHING PERSONAL, BRICK, OR BROCK OR WHATEVER YOUR STUPID NAME IS.
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE.
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO JUST FLOAT GENTLY OUT OF MY LIFE.
NOW LOOK AT US.
KILLING YOU WILL SEND THE MESSAGE THAT TAKING ME ON IS A SUICIDE MISSION.
MAYBE I SHOULD GET A PUBLICIST, SO I CAN STOP SENDING MESSAGES WITH CORPSES?

NO MORE!
GLKKPH
WHUDD
NO, MORE!!!
I CAN SMELL HIM. HE'S CLOSE, AND HE'S WOUNDED. DEADPOOL WILL BE EASY PRE--
...
NO MORE!
NO, MORE!!!
SKRACK
NO, MORE!!!
NO MORE!
+GURGLE+
SPLISH
MORE! MORE! MORE! MORE!
NO.
DO IT! HE'LL JUST COME BACK ONE DAY. DO IT!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, PRESTON?
STOP, DEADPOOL, STOP!!!
I'M JUST ANOTHER OF YOUR WHISPERERS.
BYE FOR NOW.

HEY, I KNOW YOU'RE BOTH HIS PALS, BUT YOU GUYS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE YOUR GUN UNHOLSTERED AND POINTED AT DEADPOOL, TOO.
SHUSH.
WADE, IT'S NOT CROSSBONES' FAULT.
PRESTON? IS IT...ARE YOU... YOU'RE ALIVE?
BUTLER'S DEAD, AND BONES ISN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TERRIBLE THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO YOU.
I KNOW.
HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE REALLY YOU AND NOT ANOTHER VOICE?
YOU UPPER-DECKED THE TOILET BACK IN THE AVENGERS MANSION.
I FEEL BAD ABOUT THAT, BUT I WAS MAD AT LOGAN.
DEADPOOL, YOU GOTTA GET A GRIP. THE VIOLENCE TODAY, U.L.T.I.M.A.T.U.M.'S HELICARRIER, THE WAY YOU'RE GOING, SOMEBODY IS GONNA PUT YOU DOWN.
IT MIGHT BE US.
YOU GOTTA MAKE SOME CHANGES.
YOU'RE RIGHT.

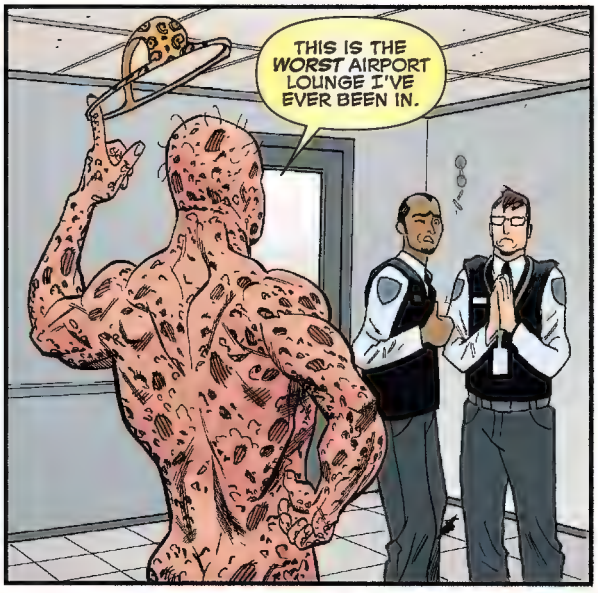
WHAT HAPPENED? DID I KILL HIM?
I CAN'T FEEL MY FACE.
YEP, YOU GOT HIM.
DON'T WORRY, YOU LOOK GREAT.
MY FRIEND, I'M WORRIED YOU'VE GONE CRAZIER THAN JOHN ADAMS IN PARIS.
YEAH, MY LIFE IS NUTS. THANKS FOR CARING, GHOST OF FAMOUS DEAD GUY.
ANYTHING YOU NEED, MAN. JUST NAME IT.
I GOT PRESCRIPTION STUFF, TOO.
I'M GOOD.
WHAT DO YOU NEED FROM US?
I JUST NEED TO BE ALONE.
WELL, THEN THIS WILL COME IN HANDY.
IT'S ALL HERE-- JUST LIKE YOU ASKED FOR IT: IN A PILLOWCASE WITH A DOLLAR SIGN ON IT.
REALLY?
HMM. FINANCIAL PLANNING WAS NEVER REALLY MY STRONG SUIT.

I DON'T NEED ALL OF IT RIGHT NOW...
WOULD YOU KEEP THIS SAFE FOR ME?
OF COURSE.
C'MERE.
UGH.
ROBOT BODY MUSCLES!
SORRY.
YOU GOT ME BACK HOME WHERE I BELONG. I WILL ALWAYS OWE YOU FOR THAT. IF YOU NEED US, YOU JUST YELL.
TAKE CARE, BRO.
YOU, TOO.
OH, PRESTON... YOU'LL FIND GORMAN'S BODY IN A GARBAGE TRUCK DOWN THE BLOCK.
UH... CROSSBONES DID IT.
OH, FER...JUST GO!
AND CHANGE YOUR LIFE, WADE.
I'LL COME BACK...WHEN I DO, THINGS WILL HAVE TO BE DIFFERENT.
BETTER. THINGS WILL BE BETTER.
THEY'LL HAVE TO BE.

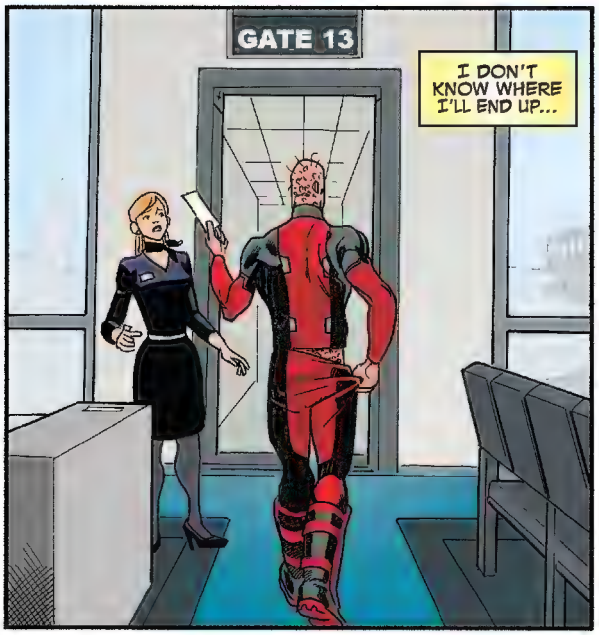
SMELTA AIR LINES
Entrance
Entrada
DISPOSE OF LIQUIDS
SKY BLUE
FIRST CLASS. ANYWHERE TO EUROPE.
DO I STILL HAVE TO TAKE MY SHOES OFF?
TNA
NO
NO
TNA

OH, YEAH!
NOTHIN' MEANS NUTHIN! THE CREAM RISES TO THE TOP!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M LOOKING AT.
WELL, SOME OF THOSE ARE UNEXPELLED BULLETS.

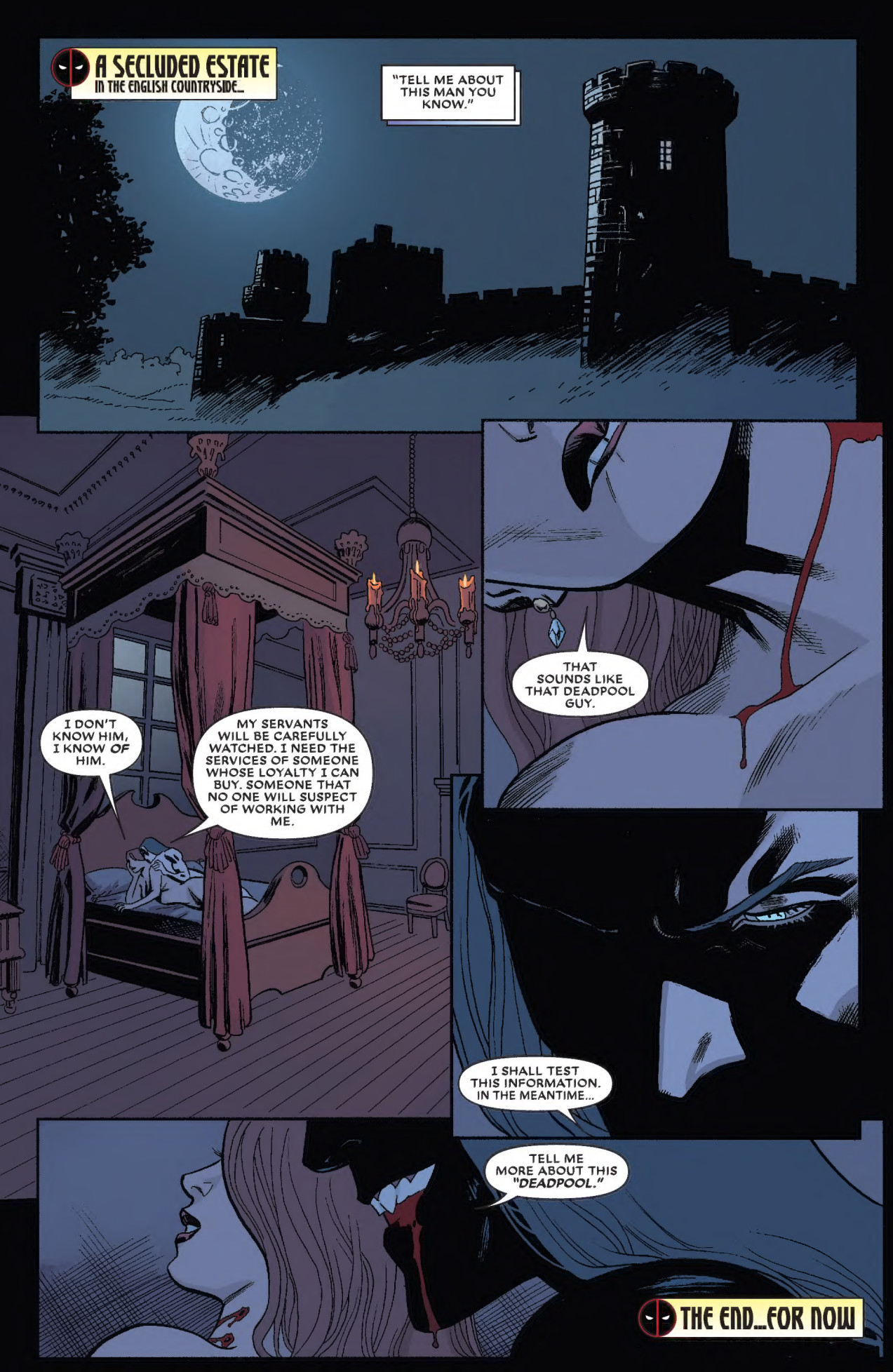

THIS IS THE *WORST* AIRPORT LOUNGE I'VE EVER BEEN IN.

I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY.


GATE 13
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'LL END UP...

I JUST KNOW THAT NOBODY IS GONNA S#*% ON ME ANYMORE.

KAW KAW
SORRY, MAN-- IF I LET YOU GET AWAY WITH THIS, EVERYONE WILL KEEP DOING IT...
LE BLAM!
et fin!


A SECLUDED ESTATE
IN THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE...
"TELL ME ABOUT THIS MAN YOU KNOW."
I DON'T KNOW HIM, I KNOW OF HIM.
MY SERVANTS WILL BE CAREFULLY WATCHED. I NEED THE SERVICES OF SOMEONE WHOSE LOYALTY I CAN BUY. SOMEONE THAT NO ONE WILL SUSPECT OF WORKING WITH ME.
THAT SOUNDS LIKE THAT DEADPOOL GUY.
I SHALL TEST THIS INFORMATION. IN THE MEANTIME...
TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS "DEADPOOL."
THE END...FOR NOW

#25 VARIANT BY PHIL NOTO

#25 VARIANT BY KATIE COOK

DEAR DEADPOOL

Dear beloved Merc with a Mouth,
First off (as you of course are aware) you are amazing. Hands down you are my favorite Marvel character ever! My question for you is this:
If you had to assemble your very own team of heroes (like you actually need help right???) who would you pick? Who do you believe you work well with? I know you work well with Wolverine (even though you two bicker like little school girls) but I'm very curious as to who YOUR first choices are of teammates.

Stay awesome, your fan for life,
Matty

P.S. If I was Wolverine, I would have let you be an X-Man a long time ago, even though you are one hell of a loose cannon!

Matty,
Hmm…my very own team? Easy, The Blues Brothers, Egon from Ghostbusters and Snake Plisskin. And orginal Blues Brothers, of course. No Jim Belushi.

Bluespool

Dear Deadpool,
What is it like being the greatest Superhero ever? I only started collecting your comic on #14 but I managed to pick up the back issues. The writers and artists behind your comic are amazing! Is it possible we could see you teaming up with Cable any time soon? That would own! Do you like elephants?

Love from your best friend,
Christopher Hogg

Christopher,
It's awesome. Thanks. Maybe. Nope, they're smelly dinosaurs. I wish my writers would kill an elephant in every issue.

Hoggpool

Dear Mr. Pool,
I want to start off this letter by saying thank you for getting me back into reading comics. I am not sure if you noticed but, you have been featured a lot on the app, iFunny. So, being a frequent iFunny user, when I went to my local comic shop (Shout out to Comic Quest in Evansville, IN) and saw issue #12, I had to get it. Afterwards, I wanted to read more. Now I am reading many different titles and all thanks to my favorite mercenary Dead-Pimp (call back to issue #13). Not to mention that without getting back into comics I never would have realized I wanted to become a comic book writer/artist or film director. And yes, I will write and direct an EPIC Deadpool movie and do you justice.
So anyways, the reason I wrote this letter is to ask you some questions:
1. What is your favorite weapon in your arsenal?
2. Who is your favorite hero to team up with?
3. Who do you want to team up with but haven't gotten the chance to yet?
4. Who would you choose to play you in Deadpool: The Movie?
5. Could you tell Abe Lincoln, Agent Preston, Ben Franklin, Cap, and Wolverine that I said hi?
Thanks again Mr. Pool, you really changed my life.

Sincerely Your Not-So-Secret Admirer,
Tanner Newcomb

P.S. THIS LETTER IS COMPLETELY, TOTALLY COOL TO BE PRINTED SO PLEASE DO PRINT IT, THANK YOU!!!!

Tanner,
I'm on an app? I don't know what that is. I'm glad your town still has a comic book store. Does it smell like corn chip farts and fear like my local shop? I will now answer your questions.
1. Favorite weapon: Anything that makes people super dead.
2. Favorite hero to team-up with: I kinda have a man-crush on Luke Cage. He never pokes me back on FB.
3. Team-up with in future: See what I told that kid above and add Pete's Dragon and Jack'ee Harry. She'd be great when I don't feel my sassy self.
4. Play me in movie: really only one choice, that Tatum Oneil Channing guy. Seth Rogen's right, he's dreamy.
5. Say hi to my friends?: Nope.

Nopepool

Dear Deadpool,
Whenever I type your name into google I type in "Deadpoop". What should I do?!

Love,
Teo Soto

Teo,
Chop off your hands. Too chicken? That's me at your door, answer it.

Pooppool

Dear Deadpool,
This is my first time writing into any comic book - make as many jokes as you see fit. I feel I need to personally congratulate you and your writers and artists for such a fantastic arc (I'm sure it wasn't so fantastic for you or Agent Preston). I laughed, you cannot prove I very nearly cried, and I am going to recommend these few issues to anybody who suggests that you're just a joke character with no depth. You have depth and I'm sure we're all rooting for you, buddy! Keep fighting the good fight and here's hoping you get a small ray of sunshine before everything turns to crap again, huh?

Best of luck with getting your cash back from S.H.I.E.L.D.,
Luke
Essex, England

Luke, you've never written into a comic book before? What a loser, too busy with your job or your life or your loved ones? Haha! Take that, I bet that hurts. I'm so lonely. What's it like to have things and know people? Really happy you like what the writers and artists are doing with my book. Can I borrow some money? Just til the S.H.I.E.L.D. check clears. Twenty-five grand will keep me in Chimichangas for a month and cover my meds. Just consider it a loan.

Loanpool

So, Deadpool,
I have some questions, and a comment!
How do you feel about having Preston in your brain?
(For Preston) How do you feel about being in deadpool's head?
Was your daughter in that pile of corpses in "The Good The Bad and The Ugly"?
Where do you keep your common sense when you don't use it?
Do you play Minecraft? I made a skin of you(unmasked and masked) and Preston.
FYI: I have a teacher whose last name is Camacho.

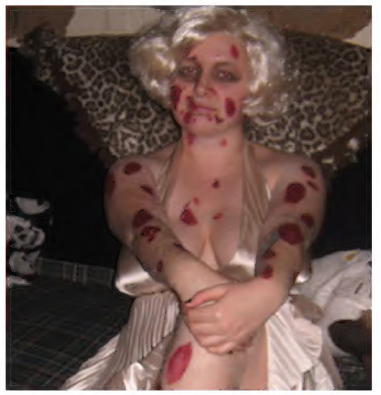
Mitchell, NH

Mitchell,
I have some answers.
We had some good times.
I'm sure she misses the smells.
Hope not. The future will tell. Unless the writers forget to pay her off.
In one of my pouches. In my brain.
Nope, still stuck on Candy Crush. Cool, thanks.
Oh, that's nice. Is she hot?

Answerpool

Dead Dearpool,
So Halloween has come and gone and I stitched my ass off and got the whole thing done. I did an hour of full-body makeup and made an anatomical helper for my panties in your image because I didn't want the cucumber to pickle. HEY-O! So after all that HARD work I got some pictures taken and wouldn't you know it I had a Janet Jackson style photo shoot. I did get one picture where I managed to keep my yabbos barely in check, and a closeup of my makeup in progress. As an honorary core member of Deadpool Corps, I had to fulfill my promise.

Your milkshake brings me to the yard,
(Beki) Riotpool



Beki, wow!! You're a lot hotter than me dressed as Marilyn. A lot. Did your friends get the joke or do they only read heavy books? Your dedication flatters me and the writers. Congrats on winning my costume contest and controlling your yabbos.

Yabbopool

Dear Deadpool
I think the answer will be yes, but are you an Avenger?

Um, nope. One day.

From,
Ben Stein (not the famous actor mind you)

"Famous" "actor"?

P.S. Do you speak Mexican?

Nope, but my stomach does.

Dear Deadpool,
First let me say that I'm a huge fan of you adventures going all the way back to The Circle Chase. I just finished reading The Good, the Bad & the Ugly and I felt I needed to write in. That was the best Deadpool story arc in a long time. It was so refreshing to see you given the respect you deserve as a character. Too long have you been reduced to a joke character with no emotion and no depth, but I was almost moved to tears after reading what you went through in The Good, the Bad & the Ugly, and for that I must thank you "and the writers." Here's to more great stories and more Deadpool.

Your Fan,
Travis

P.S. Now that you and Logan are chums again how about asking him about Siryn, see what she's doing these days?

Travis,
Thanks, man. Glad you guys liked our recent arcs. Please stick around. And definitely check out all the specialness we're cramming into issue 27.

Weddingpool

P.S. I wouldn't say Logan and I are chums. Well, I would but he won't.

Dear Deadpool,
Two years ago I bought a Deadpool comic and laughed my head off. I have been hooked ever since. But my question is if you could make your own comic what would it be called?

Hunter Ramsay

P.S. other than Preston who is your best friend?

Hunter, quit bragging that you can remember things you did two years ago. I can't even remember things I did two minutes ago.

Deadpool

P.S. My best friend? I have one. He's a super cool guy. You don't know him.

Dear Deadpool,
I am not entirely sure what is going on in your comic series at the moment, (since I have to use a library to read it) but I did enjoy your war against the dead presidents. Your tenure as a soul hunter was pretty amazing, too.
But do you know what would be marvelous? A team-up with Spider-Man. Not the one in New York. No, I mean the Spider-Man in Japan with the giant robot. Imagine all of the activities you could partake in with a giant robot.

Shahbaz

P.S. My friend told me it was a bad idea to write this, mainly because you might read it.

Shahbaz, that's okay, I have to use a library to do a lot of things, wash my underwear being just one of them. I only know one Spider-Man. Something seems off about him lately, like he has a lady S.H.I.E.L.D. agent inside him, but different.

Gundampool

Deadpool,
No letters section? Come on you pansy. First you upper deck my toilet, then you let yourself look like a movie on Lifetime. In front of Captain America and that hairy dwarf Wolverine, no less.
Ok. I'm sorry. I couldn't resist kicking the man when he's down. Still…he upper decked my toilet.
In all seriousness, this current run has been some of the best Deadpool in a long darn time. Please keep up the great work.

Ross Griswold
Des Moines, IA

Ross, if I upper-decked your toilet, you'd know. Thanks for reading. Books. This book.

DP

Dear Deadpool,
I love all your comics. I have not read all your comics, but I already love them. I have most everything Deadpool. I have a Deadpool sweatshirt, a Deadpool keychain, a Deadpool beanie, and a Deadpool sweatshirt. You're awesome man! I don't get why you're not in the Avengers!!!! Captain America sucks…all he can does is throw his shield and is a little strong, BUT HE'S THE LEADER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Are you kidding me…? At Least make Tony the leader…he's smart…But anyway, you're awesome! Just thought you needed to know that!

Have a nice life!
Your fan,
Zach

I have not read your letter, but I already love it. You have a nice life and don't tell me what to do!!

Fanpool

Dear Deadpool,
When can we readers finally get a scratch n' sniff issue of Deadpool? I'm pretty sure the story should be named "Essence of Wade." Also, please get to work on the pogs idea I keep submitting.

Daniel Bellay

They tried an Essence of Wade eau de toilette but it was found to contain powerful pheromones at dangerous levels that threatened to cause overpopulation within a year of release.

Essentialpool

Hey Deadpool, my man!
Love what you did to Crossbones! Anyways, I was thinking… I notice a lot of FEMALE fans on your letters section. I was just wondering… Would you mind terribly forgetting the 'privacy policy' thingy and just, ya know, give me some email addresses? Maybe even use your untarnished reputation at S.H.I.E.L.D. to find me some, oh, I dunno… Phone numbers? Home addresses? Photographs?
And before you say it--yes I know it would be illegal. But since when does the amazing WADE WILSON care about the law? Hook a brotha up, ya dig?

Until next time,
Adampool B

Next best thing--I will send you a bottle of Essence of Wade. Use it responsibly.

Giftpool

Dear Deadpool,
I was just wondering if you could pass a message on to Agent Preston. Can you please let her know that I simply adore her, and her presence in your current series has definitely made this run my absolute favourite. I've loved your comics for a really long time, but sometimes they could feel a little bit like a boys club in the way that often the only female characters were one-dimensional and skimpily clad. Agent Preston totally solves this problem for me in the current run--she's a normal looking, well-rounded character, and I think the way she's acting as your conscience is making you a more interesting character, too (no offence). Can you ask her if she can hang around after she finally gets expelled from your brain?

Elisa

I don't know what you've got against the Boys' Club, it was a safe alternative playspace for troubled youths like myself. Imagine what sort of person I would be without that structure in my life. In that respect, Preston is sort of like The Boys' Club, too. But, not cool calling her "well-rounded". She knows a fat joke when she sees it.

Clubpool

'The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly.'
Holy. Crap.
I couldn't even wait to get home to write after I finished it, I'm still at work. I haven't read a Deadpool story that great in… well, possibly ever. It's truly incredible to see what a generally comic(al) character can do in the right hands, how a writer can hit readers with emotion like a left hook from the Hulk. It's been a while since I was as genuinely impressed with a story arc in any series as I was with this past one, and I'm sure a lot of other readers feel the same way. The knockoff X-Men were a fantastic idea (which really has potential for exploring where they go from there, either popping back up or in a limited series), and it was a struggle not to tear up with that last panel between Cap and Deadpool.
But the writing of Deadpool is what got me. I can't even put my finger on it, the reader was just… completely drawn in by him and what Deadpool must have been feeling by the second book of the arc. And playing him off of Cap and Wolverine like that was brilliant. You KNOW something big is going on when those two are concerned about someone (as I side note, I tire of Wolverine's over-exposure as much as the next guy, but I would read the HELL out of an ongoing series featuring those three by these writers). Deadpool had purpose again, he wasn't just wandering in and out of adventures, which, while generally amusing, was kind of getting old. Deadpool had dimension brought back to him, and it was almost a complete surprise to see it, much less to see it done so amazingly well. The art was fantastically fitting, capturing what was happening behind the masks with the masks still ON beautifully. This has been a fantastic arc I could lend out to any comic naysayers and go, "Really? You think you don't like comics? Read this.", throwing it up there with my personal favourites like Kraven's Last Hunt and the return of the Rhino in Amazing Spider-Man from a couple of years back.
So, thank you. Thank you so much for this arc and for this series, and I hope hope hope this is one of Marvel's ongoing series' that actually… you know… 'ongoes'.

John Raworth

I am expecting a followup letter from John saying that his work had a filter looking out for any mention of me, and that he was fired for fanboying on the job. Only Marvel editors are allowed to do that.

Deadserious

Dear, Deadpool
Would you Grind up Chimichangas into pancake batter and put the Chimichanga pancake on a taco shell?
Is Thor's hair soft?
Will you ever see Madcap again?

Your Fan
Daniel,

P.S. if Thor's hair is soft, is it like a dog, or a teddy bear?

Gladly, naturally, and hopefully.

Answerpool

P.S. It feels exactly like the trim on a brand new pair of Uggs.

"Posehn and Duggan's spot-on captioning and fun little jabs at the way we used to tell comic-book stories make this a really fun comic." — *Newsarama.com*

WHEN S.H.I.E.L.D. STIFFS DEADPOOL ON A BILL, YOU CAN BET THAT THEY'RE GOING TO REGRET IT!

Deadpool declares a one-man war on the world peacekeeping agency. But even as the maniacal merc pursues his revenge, S.H.I.E.L.D. discovers someone has been betraying them — and it seems to be Agent Preston! Deadpool takes his fight to the Helicarrier, intent on getting his money one way or another — and comes face-to-face with Agent Phil Coulson! Too bad Coulson's a Cap fan. Plus: Take another trip back to Deadpool's storied past as the Merc with a Mouth wreaks havoc on a cosmic level!

Collecting *Deadpool #20-25* — written by Gerry Duggan and Brian Posehn, and illustrated by Scott Koblish and Mike Hawthorne.

PARENTAL ADVISORY

MARVEL